

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

OCTOBER 1, 1810.

VINDICATION OF COBBETT.

To the Editor of the Satirist.

SIR,

As it is not to be expected, from your general conduct, that you will have the candour to publish this disinterested vindication of a man whom you have so foully slandered and so deeply injured, I shall not trouble myself greatly about the correctness of my language or the elegance of my style. My motive is to convince you, that you have attacked Mr. Cobbett not only on unfair grounds and with unfair weapons, but that you have totally mistaken his character, and misapprehended his public conduct. I am by no means a *constant* reader of the SATIRIST, but chance has thrown your last three or four numbers in my way, and though I confess their humour, and I will even candidly add their wit, afforded me some gratification, the illiberality and injustice of your observations relative to the gentleman in whose behalf I now address you, both disgusted and shocked me:

surely Mr. Cobbett's present situation ought to protect him from the rude assaults of his enemies: if he has sinned, he is now expiating his offences by a punishment which even you must admit to be more than adequate. Had you confined your observations to his present writings, and endeavoured to controvert his doctrines by fair arguments, I should not have troubled you; but as you have thought proper not only to attempt to bring his works into discredit, but also to render him personally ridiculous and detested, it would be criminal in any man acquainted as I am with his *real principles* to remain silent. Your principal mode of rebutting his present doctrines is not by opposing to them your own arguments, but by bringing forward from his early works, written in his days of youth and inexperience, what he formerly said on the same subject. Surely nothing can be more unfair than this. Mr. Cobbett when a youth may very naturally be supposed to have taken up opinions, and to have adopted principles which, since he arrived at a mature age, he has found to be erroneous, and, therefore, instead of reprobation, he deserves to be commended for his manly renunciation of his former errors. Besides, are not the times materially changed within these last eight or ten years? And is it not evident that unless he had changed with them, he would *have proved himself an APOSTATE*? We all thought the emperor Alexander a wise and gallant prince till the peace of *Tilsit*, and all our loyal newspapers were loud in his praises, but are they to be called apostates because they have called him a coward and a fool since that event? No; neither is Mr. Cobbett because he has changed his opinions of men whom he found to be unworthy of his support. It is they (and not he) who have changed. It would be useless for me to say any thing here in refu-

tation of the charges and insinuations relative to the court-martial business with which you are continually defiling your pages: every candid reader, who has read Mr. Cobbett's defence of his conduct on that occasion, must be convinced of his innocence, and of the infamy of those who published the mangled account of the proceedings on Capt. Powell's court-martial, and suppressed, as Mr. C. has proved, twenty-two letters out of twenty-seven. And even supposing all that you have said to blacken his private character be true, what has his moral character to do with his political?

The private actions of a man's life *can never become a fair subject for public animadversion*. But the most horrible of all your calumnies against this injured individual, is your base insinuation that he is in the pay of Buonaparte, because his noble soul will not permit him to disparage the virtues of an enemy.

Nothing ever was printed before so black as this; no, not even your base assertions that he endeavoured to enhance the price of corn, and the sufferings of the poor by raising a false cry of scarcity, when it was evident that all he wished was to promote economy in the consumption, and to stimulate ingenuity to invent the means of averting the threatened calamity. It appears to me, that your venom has been chiefly stirred up against Mr. Cobbett, by his unceasing exertions in favor of that *reform*, which would rob you, and the political locusts who feed you, of the means of speculation and existence. You call him a traitor, because he is not a courtier; but I defy you to discover in his writings on the subject of *reform*, any sentence which conveys a wish to overturn the present constitution or to injure the monarchy. On the contrary, he contends that the king will be as much benefited by *reform* as the people,

and declares, that his only object is the permanent good of his country. I have not long been in habits of intimacy with Mr. Cobbett, but have had several opportunities of enjoying his society, and, as *we think alike*, have felt great pleasure from his conversation. It must be obvious that if he were the vile character you describe, he could not be countenanced by some of the most respectable gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Botley, some of whom have drawn down upon themselves your unjust and indiscriminating vengeance, merely on account of their friendship for him. It is almost unnecessary for me to declare positively that Mr. Cobbett is ignorant of my having addressed you; he despises all his enemies, whose malice he knows cannot do him the smallest injury---whoever informed you that his rage was ungovernable when he read in your 35th number the strictures on what you contemptuously call his *prison lucubrations*, was guilty of a falsehood; for to my knowledge he will not look at the *Satirist*, and strict orders have been given not to admit it into his presence, nor any other publication calculated to irritate his mind. I trust, Sir, after what I have said, that the pages of the *Satirist* will no more be disgraced by any unfair and illiberal attacks upon a suffering individual, who is, like yourself, endeavouring to obtain support and independence for his family by the exercise of his *talents*, and am, Sir, yours, &c.

CERBERUS.

Southampton, Sept. 16, 1810.

OBSERVATIONS, OR A SOP FOR CERBERUS.

You perceive, old *Cerberus*, we have not only "the candour" to publish your "disinterested vindication,"

but have given it the preference of every other article, and placed it first and foremost in the pages of our present number—Why assume the name of *Cerberus*? Any other monster of Hell might have furnished you with a *very appropriate* signature, for surely Hell alone could produce a wretch base enough to defend, or attempt to defend, such a thorough-paced scoundrel as William Cobbett; but *Cerberus*, as the poets inform us, is a *three-headed* monster; whereas, if we may judge from your brainless arguments, you are a monster *without any head at all*.

To be sure, your task was no easy one, and we doubt if fifty heads, aye or five hundred, including those of *Hallett the Dog-Butcher*, Wardle the l—r, Folkstone, the strawberry-eating hermit, and Bosville, the superannuated milch-cow of the Jacobins, could fabricate a plausible defence of such a monster's crimes! It would be as easy to persuade us that the prostitutes who nightly parade the Strand are pure as vestal virgins, as that William Cobbett is not the basest, the most malicious, the most sordid, and most mischievous criminal in "the state prison" of Newgate.

"His present situation ought to protect him from our rude assaults," ought it?—What, because the nasty polecat is in the trap, he is to be permitted to cast his filthy ordure about him with impunity? Let him betake himself to fasting and praying, call in the ordinary, acknowledge his guilt, and promise repentance and amendment: then we may, perhaps, forbear; but while he perseveres in his damnable attempts to delude, inflame and vitiate the people, and to render them discontented and miserable, to weaken their confidence in their lawful governors, and to persuade them that they would enjoy

greater blessings under the tyranny of their sanguinary foe, we will "*flog him, flog him, flog him, lash him daily, lash him duly.*" You are of opinion that nothing can be more unfair than bringing forward his former opinions and opposing them to his present. This proves you a thorough-bred modern patriot; yes, yes, we know that you patriots consider all means *unfair* that are calculated to annoy your friends, although you see nothing *unfair* in their adopting those very means to annoy their enemies.---Have you forgotten that this has always been the principal mode of attack resorted to by the caitiff whom you are attempting to defend? Have you forgotten his contradictory quotations from Mr. Sheridan's various speeches; his execrations about the apostacy of Fox; his declaration that he wondered how Sir Francis Burdett could hold up his head, or even exist after reading the proofs of inconsistency and tergiversation which he adduced; his comparison of Tom Paine's Letter to General Washington with the dedication to the First Part of the *Rights of Man*, and the concluding apostrophe to that traitor, whose works he now quotes in support of his own opinions*? Have you forgotten that after having quoted these inconsistent passages he exclaimed, "now, atrocious, infamous miscreant, look on this picture and on this. I would call on you to blush, but the rust of villainy has eaten your cheek to the bone, and dried up the source of suffusion. Are

* In vol. 4. page 112 of his Works, Cobbett after abusing Paine for his attack upon British bank notes, and saying that his prophecies relative thereto will prove false, exclaims, "It is extremely favourable for British bank notes, that he who doubts their solidity will not believe in the Bible."—In his Register of Sept. 19th, he quotes Tom Paine's authority against bank notes in support of his own arguments.

these the proofs of your disinterestedness and *consistency*? Is it thus that you preserve through life the right-angled character of a man?" Cobbett's Works, vol. 4. p. 331.

If you have forgotten all these things, do not his present filthy Registers furnish you with sufficient instances of this mode of literary warfare? Are they not filled with petty cavils about the *inconsistencies* of the editor of the Morning Post? But you tell us that the opinions of Cobbett, which we quote, were written in the days of his *youth and inexperience*. Here we have you, *old Cerberus*, hip and thigh: Cobbett, according to his own account, was born on the 9th of March, 1766;* now most of the damning extracts which we have made from his works, have been written since 1800, many of them so late as 1803-4, therefore this *youth* could not have been less than THIRTY-FOUR years of age; and as to his inexperience, let it never be forgotten that he tells us in his memoirs of his own life, that "he had imbibed principles of republicanism," before he ran away from the false charges he had preferred against his officers in 1792, and that on his return to England in 1800, in his address to the public in the first number of the Porcupine newspaper, he told them that EIGHT YEARS EXPERIENCE had taught him the danger of listening to those factious demagogues who were bawling for *reform*, and besought them to shun and detest *reformers*, as miscreants who were endeavouring to plunge the nation into anarchy and bloodshed; protested that we owed our salvation to the wisdom of Mr. Pitt, and that Englishmen, "if they would not listen to the fatal cant of *reformers*, were, and would remain, the happiest people

* See Life of Porcupine, Cobbett's Works, vol. 4. p. 40.

upon earth." Now, Mr. *Cerberus*, what think you of the plea of *youth and inexperience*? Nor will your argument that the times have changed, and that therefore he would have been an APOSTATE if he had not changed with them, stand you in better stead. But before we answer it: let us stop a little to beg that our readers will mark that you, the advocate of Cobbett, here indirectly allow that there is something disgraceful in being an APOSTATE.—“He would have been an *apostate* if he had not changed with the time,” would he? Let us see what he is *now*. If the times have changed, the ancient constitution of England, that is, the constitution which was framed by our forefathers, must have been the same if it were investigated in 1797 as if it were examined in 1810; but, if you will take the trouble to look at page 29, of volume seven of WILLIAM COBBETT's *Works*, you will there find, that he affirms most solemnly that this same constitution was the very contrary to that which he *now* thinks proper to describe it.—You will also find, in the same works, the *Anti-jacobin Review* called repeatedly, “a most excellent work,”—“a work replete with wisdom, &c.”—and its authors represented as men of the *first talents and integrity*—although he now tells you that the work not only is, but that it *always was*, a tissue of ‘*folly and falsehoods*,’ that its authors are and *ever were* fools, *speculators* and public robbers, who wished to delude the people, &c. If these instances will not satisfy you of Cobbett's apostacy, turn to the *first* and *second* volumes of his *Political Register*, written only a few years back, and you will there find Mr. Addington accused of *betraying* and *ruining* his country by making *peace* with France.—You will there find that he had his windows broken because he refused to illuminate at the celebration of what he termed “the cut-throat-peace,”

and that he endeavoured to HANG the son of his benefactor for being concerned in the destruction of his windows. When you have perused these things and a thousand others equally strong in favour of perpetual war with Buonaparte—study and digest “the *Important Considerations*,” which we extracted from the fourth volume of his *Register*, written only six years ago, and published in our last number; when you have done all this, take up any one of his recent numbers, and read his sneers at what he terms “the ruinous *Anti-jacobin war*,” *Pitt’s war*, and his abuse of those who are “base enough” to calumniate his friend Buonaparte. And then tells us “if the changes of the times” have rendered all these inconsistencies, all these shameful and villainous tergiversations necessary to preserve him from the crime of apostacy?

A man may alter his opinion of the Emperor Alexander, or of the false-witness Cobbett, without being an apostate: we once thought the former a wise and a brave man, but we now think him a fool and a coward—and we formerly supposed that the latter was a loyal subject and an honest man, but we now know him to be the creature of sedition, and a sordid scoundrel.

It would indeed be “useless for you to say any thing in refutation of the charges relative to the court-martial business;” but before you talked of Cobbett’s defence, and of the suppression of twenty-two letters out of twenty-seven, you would have done well to have read the answer to that defence, in a pamphlet called “*the Rival Impostors*,” wherein you would have found it proved, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that not one letter was suppressed, every succeeding one being the answer to the former, and the chain of correspondence not having a single broken link;—and that every syllable Cobbett wrote in his

defence was palpably *false*.—WE have seen the original letters, and pledge our veracity to their authenticity, and to the correctness of the published copies.—Never certainly were more damning proofs of infamy and villainy produced than these still existing documents.—You ask, “even supposing all we have said to blacken Cobbett’s character be true, what has his moral character to do with his *political* ;”—and gravely tell us that “the private actions of a man’s life, can never become a fair subject for public animadversion.”—Really, *old Cerberus*, Cobbett has never differed more from *himself* than you have from him on this subject.—Read what the miscreant says on this subject—“No man has a right to pry into his neighbour’s private concerns ; and the opinions of every man are his private concerns, while he keeps them so ; that is to say, while they are confined to himself, his family, and particular friends ; but *when he makes those opinions public, when he once attempts to make converts, whether in religion, POLITICS, or any thing else, when he once comes forward as a candidate for public admiration, esteem, or compassion, his opinions, his PRINCIPLES, his MOTIVES, EVERY ACTION OF HIS LIFE, public or private—become the FAIR SUBJECT OF PUBLIC DISCUSSION.*”—*Cobbett’s Works*, vol. 1, p. 152, and vol. 4, p. 29.

“But,” says CERBERUS, “the most horrible of all your calumnies against this INJURED individual, is your base insinuation that he is in the pay of Buonaparte, because his noble soul will not permit him to disparage the *virtues* of an enemy.”

Before we attempt to justify the “most horrible of all our calumnies,” we would ask where was Cobbett’s noble soul when he wrote ‘the *Important Considerations* when he called this same Buonaparte a *hell-engendered monster*—“a blood-sucking tyrant,” ‘the bloodiest of the French robbers &

&c. &c.—Were Napoleon's *crimes* more numerous, or were his virtues and his *gold* more scarce and more *intelligible* than they are now?—For the present we shall content ourselves with stating that, even if we were destitute of other proofs, (whether we *are* or are not shall be seen hereafter,) we should consider our *suspicious* to be justifiable on the following grounds.—He is now continually labouring in the *service* of Buonaparte—he insinuates that his government is less oppressive than the English, and that the people under it are more happy—he is earnestly striving to make his countrymen regard Buonaparte with admiration, while he endeavours to render them discontented with their own rulers and with their present condition. He represents the French soldiers as *heroes* and the English as dastards, who though superior in number dare not attack them—he does not, indeed, do this openly and explicitly, but it is impossible to mistake the *motives* and the *meaning* of his *sneers*, his clumsy irony and his dark insinuations.—He is striving by the foulest misrepresentations and the basest sophistry to excite alarm, and to destroy public credit, and as the surest means to promote these nefarious ends calling upon the people to refuse to receive bank notes and to *hoard their guineas*. He magnifies every public calamity, and always strives to prevent the adoption of any adequate remedy, and, in short, does every thing that Buonaparte could desire to involve this country in despair and destruction.—And can it be supposed that any man, particularly such a sordid wretch as Cobbett, who has declared to Mr. Beloe that he never wrote but for '*base lucre*,' would labour so strenuously in the cause of our arch enemy, unless he were liberally *paid*.—Would he be *gratuitously* such a villain? There are miscreants in *Italy* who will commit the infe-

rior crime of *murder*, but they will not do this unless they are well *paid* for their risk and trouble.—We all know Buonaparte's liberality to the traitors and cut-throats of other countries, and we will never believe that any man who is base enough to promote his nefarious views against our own will scruple to receive *the price* of such nefarious services. Can you, *Cerberus*, be fool enough to suppose that this *wretch* merely raised the cry of scarcity “to promote economy,” and “to stimulate ingenuity, &c.?” Could it promote economy or stimulate ingenuity to tell the people that all economical *plans were ridiculous* and silly, that nothing but *patience* could be of any service to them, and that it was nonsense to talk of the corn's being improved when there was none *upon the ground*? We repeat, that he wished to excite alarm, and *thereby* to cause the farmers to keep back their corn—*thereby* to raise the price—and *thereby* to cause *distress, discontent, and insurrection*. With the same objects in view he is now endeavouring to stab public credit—to depreciate Bank notes, and if possible to promote national bankruptcy and ruin.—We shall not stop to inquire how long *locusts*, whom we always supposed *fruges consumere nati*, have been our *purveyors*; nor shall we deny the fact that the *reform* which Cobbett is anxious to promote would rob us of *the means of existence*; but as you wish us to believe his *loyalty*, because he asserts that the king would be benefited by his new system, we cannot refrain from observing that he is too well acquainted with the theory and practice of *reformation* to omit expressions of attachment to his sovereign, &c. in his lectures, as will appear from the following extract from VOLUME NINE, page 258 of his works, which he justly says “ought to be very well attended to by the whole British nation.”—“All the revolutionists,”

he there observes, " while they are endeavouring to excite the people of Great Britain and Ireland to revolt against the government, profess great fidelity to their country and *loyalty to their king*. They pretend to have nothing in view but the *good*, the *honour* and *permanent glory* of the empire. They propose to *amend*, not to destroy, to make *people truly happy*, and *his gracious majesty truly great*;" " Their stalking horse is *reform*, but *their real object is the overthrow of the monarchy*;" a scramble for power and riches; and this intention, should they succeed, they will boast of with as unblushing a front as Lauderdale's friend Brissot and his gang, after they had made the exciting of the insurrection of the 10th of August one of the crimes for which they put their sovereign to death, *boasted of having excited the insurrection themselves*. This is one of the blackest deeds in the annals of republican France; but let the *people of Great Britain* be assured, (mark this, we conjure thee, CERBERUS) " that instead of abhorrence it has served to awaken emulation in the minds of the *degraded and desperate faction*, who have still the hypocrisy to bellow for *reform!!!* Here, *old Cerberus*, you have your friend *Cobbett's* picture drawn by his own hand,—Isn't *it a hideous spectacle?* although the likeness is indisputable?—And are you not ashamed to confess that your opinions are the same as this monster's?

Pray, *old Cerberus*, who are the '*respectable gentlemen* in the neighbourhood of Botley who countenance *Cobbett?*' We know the neighbourhood well, and know also that he is loathed by rich and poor, save and except the dog-butcher *Hallet*, and that idiot *black legs* Worthington; and surely, surely you can't call these wretches '*respectable!*' *Mister Cobbett* is totally ignorant of your having addressed us—is he? And he despises us because he knows we cannot do him the *smallest injury*---does he? If this be the

case, *old Cerberus*, how came you to call him in the very beginning of your epistle, "*a man whom we had so deeply INJURED?*" And why is he *afraid* to read *the Satirist* if he *despises* our attempts to wring his guilty heart?—He twice attempted to repel our attacks by sophistry and falsehoods, and gross personal abuse, but he found it *would not do*, and thus far has since borne our *lashing* like a patient *spaniel*, conscious that he deserved chastisement.

He does not shew any of this forbearance towards the editor of the *Morning Post*, whom he is continually assailing, because he knows that gentleman has not time to pursue him through all his filthy windings; to drag into light and expose his naked villanies, and to "*lash him daily, lash him duly.*" We know he *did read* the 35th number of the *Satirist*, and that it almost drove him mad. We also know that orders are given to keep the work from his sight, for fear the fever and the agony which our castigation of him never fails to produce, should prove *fatal**.—Now, *old Cerberus*, we shall wish you as good a night as a disciple of Cobbett deserves. We know not who you are, but there are only *five* men whom we can *suspect* of being base enough to write a *vindication* of such an odious monster—viz. poor bankrupt Wright, his dependent *Gwillim Lloyd Wardle*,—*Hallet*, the dog-butcher, *Clifford*, the drunkard, or pilloried Peter Finnerty.—Now Wardle is too much occupied with his *duns and prostitutes* to be the author; Hallet is too great an idiot even to compose such a miserable defence as this; and Clifford could never have remained sober long enough to complete it.—The *honor* of the curious *production* must therefore, in our opinion, belong either to Wright or Finnerty!

September 20th.

* This we have positively heard from the best authority.

COBBETT'S ELECTION.

MR. THOMAS TORRIS, the finisher of the law, continuing in a very precarious state of health, *Mister* William Cobbett is unremitting in his exertions to secure the reversion of his lucrative office.—Our readers will recollect that in our last number we published a letter relative to this subject, from a gentleman in the condemned hole: we have learned that the alarm in Newgate has considerably increased since we delivered our opinion that the under-graduate of that celebrated '*state college*', was in every respect qualified for Mr. Torris's *line of business*.

Rebecca Evans, who lately received sentence for *perjury*, that is, for *falsely* accusing innocent persons, and pledging her soul to hell that she would substantiate her charge, is the only *convict* who has as yet openly declared in favour of *Mister Cobbett*, but she is a very warm and a very *powerful* advocate, being much addicted to drams, and nearly six feet high.—Those gentlemen who are sentenced to be publicly and privately whipped, are as strenuous in their opposition as those who are doomed to the rope—they have heard with horror his conduct to the poor soldiers, who, when he was serjeant-major of the 54th regiment had the misfortune to be under his tyrannic command; they have learnt that "*flog them! flog them! flog them! lash them daily, lash them duly,*" was his unceasing cry—they remember with dismay his oppressive behaviour towards poor *Burgess*, and his brutality to his mother—they know his envy and hatred of those who have attempted to equal him in infamy; they are sensible that he is as destitute of feeling for his brothers in iniquity

as he once shewed himself to be for his brother in blood— And they tremble lest the *cat* and the *rope* should be entrusted to his merciless hands.—Indeed, all the independant convicts are averse to *Cobbett's* election, but alas! in these days of corruption and secret influence the wishes of the independant signify but little.—Sheriff Wood, the vendor of brewer's drugs, is his friend.—The gold of drivelling Bosville is lavished in his behalf—the secret service money of the democrat club is at his command, and Cobbett will inevitably succeed to the office of *Jack Ketch*.---Does not this shew the necessity of *reform*?---and are we to be told by the '*public robbers*' that "we wish to overthrow the government of Newgate because we do not like these things?"---As to the man himself, as to the mere person who is to tie the rope or apply the cat o'-nine-tails, it is of no manner of consequence—it is of as little importance to the public *at large*, as whether the fly which has just fallen dead upon our paper was killed by the gripes or the palsy. We have already said, and we here repeat, that in our opinion *Mister William Cobbett* would make quite as good a Jack Ketch as Mr. Thomas Torris: it is the *system* which we want to see altered.---Surely it is extremely urgent that those who are most interested, those in fact whose backs are to be scratched, or whose necks are to be stretched, should have no voice, or at least no *efficient* voice in the election of their executioner. If the convicts in the *state prison* of Newgate object to Cobbett, because they think him more depraved than themselves, and more savage and unfeeling than the murderers of Mr. Steel, why should not they be allowed a *negative*.---And why should Sheriff Wood, or any other sheriff, have the power of returning such a hateful character as *duly* elected, when he knows that his election has been gained by

secret influence and gross corruption? It is this which occasions the *heartburnings*, or the "*discontent*," as the public robbers have it, of the *suffering* inhabitants of Newgate, this it is which makes jail birds feel their degradation and their miserable condition.

In some future number we shall consider this subject more at large, and point out "*what sort of reform*," we conceive to be necessary to ensure not only the happiness of the prisoners, but the security of the person who is at the head of the jail.---If Cobbett succeeds Mr. Thomas Torris, it is impossible for human sagacity to predict what may be the consequence, but, as we have great faith in proverbs, we sincerely hope that Mr. Sheriff Wood, his coadjutors and successors, will supply him with '*plenty of rope*.'

As some of our readers may be inclined to criticise the language or style of this article, we deem it necessary to observe, that we have studiously imitated the most approved passages in the Newgate-series of the *Political Register*.

TOM HAGUE, *the Libeller and Common Informer*.

HAVING wasted the substance of his *keeper*, and being conscious that he could not find another *mad* enough to take him and *his wife under protection* on the same terms as the unhappy and afflicted wretch of Brianston-street, this miscreant has again taken to his old habits of infamy: he does not, indeed, as formerly, attempt to disseminate his loathsome nonsense under his own name (with that he knows the public have long been disgusted); but he

is endeavouring to defraud the ignorant by publishing his libels *anonymously*. We rejoice however to find that his dirty plans have completely failed. Notwithstanding the catching title of "A GREAT PERSONAGE *discovered to have been JUNIUS, or Dialogues in Gloucester-place,*" the inveterate idiotism of *fool Hague* was so apparent in the very first page, that scarcely twenty copies of his libels have been *sold*.—We speak from the *best* authority. The printer who was base or foolish enough to print it, we venture to say, will never receive the prime cost of composing a single sheet, unless he took good care to have the security of some person more honest than the author, and more solvent than his *keeper*.—After having tried *three numbers*, poor Tom was obliged to give the thing up; but what think you, readers, is his apology for having written "*these dialogues?*" Why that they were written "to deprecate an occurrence that might *weaken the attachment which Englishmen cherish for the king and diminish the respect WE* (i. e. Tom and his crew) *would harbour for the royal family.*" Who would suppose that this very miscreant had written dozens of libels, foul, *false, filthy, malicious libels*, against every branch of the royal family, and, having written them, basely endeavoured to extort money for their suppression? Those who were firm enough to defy his threats he has unceasingly dignified with his abuse. And even those who imprudently paid the unprincipled s——l the price of his forbearance, rather than have their illustrious characters contaminated by his pestiferous breath, have been kept continually on the alarm, and been *repeatedly* preyed upon by this filthy blow-fly, whose rage is in reality as harmless as a *drone's*:
 ---The last time we saw the dirty wretch he was walking arm in arm with that precious pair of ———s, *Dodd and*

Glennie, who being *cut*, that is to say, *spurned*, as they deserve, by others, are now contented to herd with a man whom the meanest shoe-black would be ashamed to call his friend.—Of course in return for this condescension, fool Hague styles them, in his writings, “*honest unimpeachable men*,” &c. &c.

Lest there should be one of our readers, man, woman, or child, who may think that we are not as completely justified in prefixing the title of ‘*fool*’ to Tom Hague’s name, as we are in adding thereto the words ‘*infamous and atrocious libeller*,’ we will give them, at *full length*, the concluding *dialogue*, the malice of which is rendered so very very harmless by its excessive folly, that we are certain it can do no manner of harm to give it circulation in the SATIRIST.

Frederick Panther and Mary Anne Hyena.

Hyena. You cannot complain of my impatience if I now ask, who was the author of Junius?

Panther. I do not complain; but the Cock Puritan is everlastingly filling my ears with reports—public scandal, ruin, beggary, forgery, and the Devil knows what: he worries me about the bill of sale, hints at including my wife’s apparel, and talks right out about you.

H. Oh, the grub! the gossip’s prime tatter! the petty bellman, with his petty budget of petty news from Charing Cross to the Horse-Guards! If his attempts to *seduce me* had not been resisted—but contempt take the busy prattler! Tell me who was Junius.

P. The King was the author of Junius!

H. The King! How should he know the practice about bail—stealing pens? Would he address himself too in *such* terms?

P. The King knows every thing; and wrote that *odd Letter* to himself, only to conceal the real author.

H. You astonish me by the discovery, and the reason for concealment---we will drink to the health of the King and the memory of Junius?

P. Aye! and may every nation be blessed with such a King.

H. And the people by such a Junius.

This nonsense is all that is said to justify the *captivating* title of "A GREAT PERSONAGE discovered to have been JUNIUS"—Oh the fool! the swindling fool!

It may be asked, how we came to notice such a contemptible catch-penny as this?---Our answer is, that had not the author advertised on the last page, his intention of publishing a *new monthly* work to be called "the DETECTOR; and NAVAL and *Military Sentinal*," we should have suffered it to moulder in oblivion; but as the *title* of this *intended* publication might probably catch a few of the unwary, we think it may be of some service to let the world know what sort of a man its *editor* is, and to put all people on their guard against *projected robbery*! We could not do this more effectually than by giving the foregoing specimen of Tom's talents.

Doubtless the *army* and *navy* will be most anxious to patronize this *learned sentinal*: particularly when they know that he is the pupil of *Crossly* the attorney, who was tried for *forgery* and transported for *perjury*---that he is a *common informer*---that he and *his wife* ARE KEPT by a madman, *that* he prostitutes his time and *all* that belongs to him for '*base lucre*'--That he is an uncertificated, unemployed attorney, who is shunned and loathed not only by his own profession, but by *all* but rogues and madmen. That he libels to extort money, and, in short, earns meat, drink, and lodging by *infamy and prostitution*.---We have *proofs* "strong as holy writ," that fool Hague is the wretch we have described, and that he is the author and *ntended* author, of the works we have named.

FRANKO.

AN ECLOGUE to the Memory of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.

MISOCRATES.

TELL me, KAKOPHILOS, (thy box of knowledge,*
The cause of things could always find at College,)
Tell me, how is it that each patriot's breast
Heaves the deep sigh, with poignant woe oppress?
Say why do Wardle, Bosville, Cobbett, Tooke,
Waithman and Jones so melancholy look,
While smiles of joy, and exultation grace
Each loyal man's and 'public robber's' face†?

KAKOPHILOS.

Alas, MISOCRATES, our woes are vain,
To speak their cause is to renew their pain;
But still 'tis fit that every patriot know
Whence springs of these the joy, of those the woe.
Let Hell, France, Satan, Buonaparte, deplore,
FRANKO is dead and t***** ‡ is no more.

* "The box of knowledge."—The knowledge-box or head-CANT-ab.

† "Public robbers," wretches who are continually writing against the friends of freedom, reform, and sedition: also the king's ministers, whomsoever they may be, vide Pol. Reg. passim.

‡ "T***** is no more."—This is nearly a poetical license, or, more properly speaking, a poetical figure, much used by patriotic writers, and commonly called fiction.—T***** has certainly received a desperate blow in consequence of the death of Franko, but it cannot be said to be 'no more' while Mister Cobbett is only confined in the upper apartments of Newgate, the condemned hole being in the lower regions of that "State Prison."

MISOCRATES.

Is Franko dead?

KAKOPHILOS.

Stone dead, my friend and buried!

MISOCRATES.

Sweet youth, from earth by death too early hurried !
Long shall thy ghost our cries of sorrow hear.
Ah me ! alas ! alack-a-day ! oh dear !
Let us alternate sing the patriot's praise,
Franko, when living, lov'd alternate lays.*

KAKOPHILOS.

Lo yonder nightshade droops† its sickly head,
Its berries cease to glow with tempting red :
Its shrivel'd stem no longer strives to choak
While clasping for support, the *royal oak* ;
Its flowers no more with brilliant purple charm,
And all its poisons lose their pow'r to harm ;
A livid shade o'erspreads the henbane's leaf,
The hemlock's wither'd by the gen'ral grief;

* "*Alternate lays.*"—"Amo aut alterna Camœnæ," says Virgil, nor was Franko less attached to this mode of singing or *writing* : this is evident from his well known attachment to Cobbett and his works, in which the same political principles are *alternately* reprobated and supported. Cobbett was once anxious to "trample poor Franko under his feet;"—but Mr. Pitt refused, soon after, to dine in his company, having discovered that he was a deserter, when the Register man instantly went over to the patriotic baronet and his party.

† "*Lo, yonder nightshade droops,*" &c.
"*Occidet et serpens fallax herba veneni,*
Occidet !

VIRGIL.

Its wonted green forsakes the mournful yew,
 And all its branches shew a sickly hue ;
 Yew, hemlock, henbane, nightshade, all deplore,
 For Franko's dead ; and *poison* is no more.

MISOCRATES.

No more, while Franko raves 'gainst laws and kings,
 Shall demons listen on suspended wings ;
 No more shall coblers* imitate his speeches,
 Nor Cobbett print the libels which he preaches ;
 No more shall Clifford† (skill'd in insurrections)
 Get drunk with money gain'd at his elections ;
 Nor *Isleworth millers*‡ pocket *two pound notes*,
 The price agreed for *perjury* and *votes*.
 Wardle no more § shall counsel him to shed
 The serjeant's blood, by shooting through the head ;
 No more shall *Colman*|| force him from his doors
 Spite of surrounding rebels, rogues and wh—es.

* “ *Coblers* ”—Mr. Murray, alias *the long cobbler*, a successful imitator of the late baronet's eloquence, who is in the constant habit of vending his oratorical talents at the various debating shops.—Several other gentlemen cobblers are also very fond of *speechifying à la mode de Sir Francis*.

† “ *No more shall Clifford, &c.* ”—Poor Clifford ; he must be a *cruel sufferer* by the baronet's death. Mr. Jennings, however, swears, that no man paid his *professional friends* worse than *Franko*.

‡ “ *Isleworth millers.* ”—Gentlemen who *qualified* themselves to vote for Franko by *perjury*, and thereby obtained *two pounds*, and a *free passage* to Botany Bay !

§ “ *Wardle no more, &c.* ”—Such is the chain of poetical ideas ; the poet had just written the word *perjury*, how natural in the next line to mention the redoubted colonel, who humanely advised Franko to shoot the serjeant at arms !

|| “ *Colman,* ”—the serjeant at arms who took Franko to the Tower.

No more shall graping crouds, in myriads meet
 At Tower hill and each adjoining street,
 To witness his release, and find too late
 That he had skulk'd away through Traitor's gate.
 Horne Tooke shall weep both eyes out of their sockets,
 For Franko's dead and he has empty pockets.
 For Franko's death, the wolves shall quit their food,
 Tygers shall cease to glut on human blood,
 The *Gallic eagle* mourn in sadder strains
 Than when she shriek'd o'er *Talavera's* plains.
 To dungeons vile Sedition howling flies,
 And vents her grief in *Registers of lies* !
 His name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
 Now Franko's dead, *her* pleasure is no more !

KAKOPHILOS.

No baneful dews ascend from quaking bogs,
 No noxious vapours taint the morning fogs,
 The listless vipers hiss with harmless breath,
 Their venom's neutralized by Franko's death ;
 His kindred *blow-flies* leave their carrion prey
 (For Franko sought *corruption* more than they)
 And join with wasps and hornets to deplore,
 That Franko's dead, and *venom* is no more.*

MISOCRATES.

His fate is whisper'd by the mournful GALE,†
 And told in sighs of woe thro' Newgate jail,

* It may be asked how *blow-flies*, *wasps*, and *hornets* could express their sorrows upon this melancholy occasion?—Probably their expressions of grief (like most others on *such* an occasion) might be *all a HUM* !

† “ *The mournful GALE* !” The poet does not, like his pre-

Traitors and convicts in harsh concert roar
 " Franko, our pride, our glory, is no more!"

KAKOPHILOS.

But lo! where Satan bears his ghost to H—ll ;
 Hark! hark! I hear him cry " my friends, farewell!"
 The Devil has him in his iron claws;
 Franko's beyond the reach of human laws.
 He's gone to realms (Oh exquisite delight!)
 Where *freemen* pay no tax for *heat* and *light* :
 'Thus has he gain'd at length his heart's desire—
 How must his patriot soul " *be all on FIRE!*"

MISOCRATES.

'Tis time to cease our melancholy strains,
 For supper's ready and, behold, it rains ;
 The wind blows cursed cold! 'twill be no sin
 To soothe our woe with porter, beef, and gin.
Patriots, *alas! KAKOPHILOS, must die,
 And so, when fate ordains, must *thou* and *I*!

decessor Pope) allude to the east, west, south, or north *Gale*, but one *Gale Jones*, a poor devil, who in addition to his grief for the loss of *Franko*, is almost mad with vexation because the *patriots* would not drink his health at the late " *reconciliation dinner*," as it was called ; he is also right sorrowful to think that November is fast approaching, when he and his friend *Peter the Wild Boy* are to be brought up for judgment.

*" *Patriots, alas, &c.*"—This is a melancholy truth, and it is even more melancholy to reflect that some of them die *before their time*, and in a way that they don't *deserve*. This Mr. John Ketch bitterly complains of, but how is it to be prevented. We must leave this knotty point to be settled by *Death* and the Attorney General, who, to do them justice, have lately made sad havoc among " *the friends of Reform*" and *Buona-parte*.

NEWGATE SOLILOQUY.

MR. SATIRIST,

PASSING through the Old Bailey a few days since, I picked up a mutilated piece of paper, which being dirty I could with difficulty make out the contents; but as far as it was legible I took the copy with which I present you. How this paper happened to be *straying* on the *outside* of Newgate it is difficult to conjecture: whether it stuck by accident to the boot or shoe of some *visiting* "Patriot" I cannot ascertain. It might indeed be dropt from the pocket of the subscription Colonel, Gale Jones, or Peter Finnerty. But if you think proper to give it a place in the SATIRIST, perhaps it may be challenged by the legal owner, and lead to an elucidation of the subject.

I am, Sir,

Your unknown friend, and humble servant,

BEN BRAMBLE.

AH me---how hard to make submission

For *only* dealing in sedition,

Only for writing *harmless squibs*

Thus to be squeez'd by MASTER GIBBS!

Tho' in the CAUSE a little warm

I little thought myself to harm,

When I was scribbling rather freely

Concerning honest men of "Ely,"

And calling Germans only hacks

To scourge and curry soldier's backs;

I never dreamt of this d---d trick,

Of "*trial by Jury*" I am sick.

What tho' my lofty Muse would sing
 Bold t*****s'gainst my lawful king,
 What tho' I strove by revolution
 To tumble down the constitution,
 Sir Francis thought it mighty odd
 That I should thus be sent to *quod*.

But what avails a "*grumbling gizzard* ?"
 I am not "*Sidrophel*" the wizard ;
 Through walls of stone I cannot 'scape.
 Here caged like a malicious ape
 I must for mischief rack my brains
 Or drop the "*Register*"——and GAINS——
 Ah think ! "*my family*" is large :
 " Twenty-six children " ! are great charge,
 Tho' I must own (as is befitting)
 They are not ALL my own begetting ;
 But nephews---nieces---cater-cousins
 (A starving crew) I feed by dozens ;
 Yet still I may do very well
 If my *old lumber* will but SELL.

Deepest of all I am perplex't
 And to the very heart am vex't,
 To think *the people*, in whose cause
 I broke my rest and broke the *laws*,
 Should be so thoughtless and so fickle
 To leave me in this cursed pickle :
 Whereas I thought each *Patriot lad*
 For *ME* would run " stark-staring mad ;"
 In fact I made but little doubt
 A furious *MOB* would fetch me out ;
 But no such thing has come to pass,
 And *here I am*——a stalled ASS,

Nor can I see a gleam of hope
But from *Tom Torris* and a rope.

State Prison of Newgate,
Sept. 14th, 1810.

POPULARITY.

MR. SATIRIST.

THERE have been, and perhaps there are at the present time a kind of philosophers who do not care a pin about that sort of distinction which arises from the capricious "huzzas" of a mob, and which in the present day is called "popularity."

Shakespeare's hero Coriolanus valued the voices "of the *apron men of Rome*," as "reek o'th'rotten fens;" but how strangely men may differ in opinion about this same mob-worship we may learn from the conduct of the "*honourable baronet*" and the *subscription colonel*, who stick at no base means to obtain it.

"The hon. baronet's" GREAT attempts to gain the hat and cap applause of the honest "handicrafts" of Westminster is pretty well known; but I cannot help noticing a LITTLE "clap-trap" set by himself or some over zealous friend, by the relation of a domestic occurrence, which though very good in itself (*if true*) cuts but a sorry figure when ADVERTISED.

It appears from the *notification in the newspapers* that a female servant in the "Patriot's" family happened to be a very good girl, and had spared some portion of her wages to the use of her mother, and had by so doing rather less

means of decorating herself to the liking of "my lady" the banker's daughter.

This being made known to the "hon. bart." we are told that he most munificently and with pompous formality undertook to spare this 30s. or 40s. a year from the girl's pocket and pay it from his own.

Now, Mr. Satirist, this act of generosity I do for one heartily commend, as entitled to both *praise* and *imitation*, but the question is---would not almost any gentleman of fortune have done the very same thing under the same circumstances, without taking care to *SOLICIT vulgar applause* by the *publication* of such an incident to the world?*

I. C. H.

=====

THE ART OF SINKING IN PROSE AND POETRY.

No. III.

AFTER having laid down the general rules by which the professors of the bathos should regulate their conduct, it becomes my duty to develope the system of education most favourable to the cultivation and display of those excellencies on which they found their pretensions to

* This is evidently one of the arts of the *arch juggler*; the real Sir Francis, were he living, would have scorned such dirty attempts to cozen the ignorant---His *good actions* were never known to any body,---E.

superiority over the *legitimates*. I am well aware that the subject is too extensive for the research of a humble individual, who has not himself been blessed with those "*advantages of initiation*," which the purest disinterestedness excites him to explain for the benefit of others. Trained up in the ways of learning according to the exploded systems of Busby and Vincent; subjected in my earliest years to the murderous, horrible, and tyrannical punishment of flogging, condemned "*at the first dawning of juvenile feeling*" to suffer the degrading contact of a birchen rod, without the power of resistance or complaint, it cannot be expected that I should equal the writers whom I have with so much temerity presumed to illustrate, in those nobler *excursions* of imagination, and those more daring *flights* above the vulgar level of propriety and common-sense that *adorn* their pages in such *glittering profusion*.* It may possibly happen, that the subsequent instructions shall be intelligible to every vulgar understanding: that so far from being "*myself the great sublime I draw*," I may prove as correct as Porteus, and more inanimate than Johnson. Such are the deplorable consequences of an education begun in ignorance, and continued in oppression. In what terms of rapturous gratulation, shall I hail my arrival at a period when a school is no longer regarded but as the prison-house of genius, and the ancient modes of preceptorial castigation are beheld with abhorrence, as inconsistent with the spirit, and degrading to the character of a free-born infant!

If the youth who is destined to astonish his contemporaries

* In this sentence, however, we must acknowledge that our correspondent most admirably exemplifies his own instructions.
Editor.

raries by his prosaic or poetical productions, have the good fortune to be cast upon the stage of life without the slightest acquaintance with his alphabet, he may be considered as a peculiar favourite of fortune. From long and profound research I have been enabled to determine that $\frac{7854}{1145}$ ths of the bathoists who have adorned the first nine years of the present century, began their introductory lessons in "*Reading made easy*" not more than three years previous to the publication of their maiden compositions; nay I have been assured from the best of all positive authority, their own writings, that some of them have ventured to appear at the bar of criticism without having thought any preliminary knowledge of this kind either useful or becoming. Nor will this opinion appear, on accurate examination, to be destitute of justice. When a boy is taught his alphabet at any early age, he must necessarily imbibe the opinions of the authors that he reads, and his taste will be insensibly formed to the imitation of their style, or the admiration of their sentiments. But as originality, both of thought and language, is the first requisite of a bathoist, it is evident that this prematurity of knowledge must be a difficulty of considerable magnitude in the way of his ultimate success. A youth who has had no means of imbibing prejudice in his years of infancy, who has lived to the age of Chatterton, without any acquaintance with his alphabet, and whose thoughts have been suffered to expand unfettered by the tyranny of parental or magisterial authority, and unshackled by the early restraints of prejudice will escape the greatest of all dangers, that of resembling what are vulgarly called his *classical* predecessors. His diction, his imagery, and his sentiments will be equally novel and unique: as the manner of his compositions will be unlike any thing that has been seen

before, their matter will confound the learned, and astonish the illiterate. The former will gaze with mute amazement at the miraculous profundity of his ignorance, and the latter will receive with enthusiastic gratitude those doctrines and opinions which, proceeding from a self-taught genius, or from a pupil of nature, are independent of, or in opposition to, the political, moral, and religious prejudices of our deluded forefathers.

It is not uncommon for the sons of dullness and tyranny to assert that a knowledge of the English language and of its grammatical principles, are absolutely necessary for every one who ventures to profess the character of an author. But the advocates of this opinion must be equally deficient in experience and reflection. I shall adduce innumerable instances to demonstrate that a man or a woman may be a distinguished favourite of the public without the slightest acquaintance with Lowth or Murray. A great genius cannot descend to the minutiae of grammar: St. Gregory assures us (if I may be excused for condescending to quote an ancient author and a satirist) "*Non debent verba caelestis oraculi subesse regulis Donati;*" "*The words of the heavenly oracles should not be subject to the rules of a grammarian;*" and if such an assertion can be admitted respecting the fables of christian superstition, with how much more justice and propriety may it not be applied to the sublime effusions of modern genius?

It should be the great study indeed of those to whom these instructions can be useful, to remain in wilful ignorance of all that preceding generations have been accustomed to admire or to venerate.

Of the ancient and modern classics, but of the former in particular, they must at once demonstrate their ignorance

and contempt—they must first abuse them as models of barbarism and stupidity, and then declare that they have never wasted their time in reading them. The productions of Homer, Virgil, and Cicero, have done more to retard the progress of the bathotic art than even their own eloquence could express—it is the first duty of every writer who aspires at excellence, to avoid all possibility of acquaintance with such dangerous companions. Nor should the observers of my precepts be less careful to avoid the society of Pope and Johnson.

There are some unfortunate beings to whom advice of this kind is too late, who have long since been flogged into a knowledge of the ancient classics, and to whom accident or habit has rendered the *legitimates* of our own country perfectly familiar. But a true descendant of Scriblerus will be careful only to remember such passages, and transplant such phrases as have received the condemnation of the most celebrated critics; the images and expressions that the Scaligers or the Tiddisons have mentioned as absurd, or insipid, or pedantic, a modern bathoist will be particularly careful to imitate. Even what are commonly called beauties, may be so skilfully mangled, and so ingeniously misplaced, that they may deserve an honourable situation in the “*Elegant Extracts*” of bathotic literature. For an elucidation of these remarks I would recommend them to Northmore’s description of Satan’s shield, and to the didactic portions of Grahame’s British Georgics. Still, however, as it is difficult to separate the useful parts of the classical authors from the superabundant proportion of that which is unadapted to their purpose, and as an unskilful imitator might insensibly glide into some slight resemblance of their manner, a misfortune that could not be retrieved without infinite labour and exertion, I would earnestly recommend every

juvenile student of the bathos to avoid the classics both of ancient and modern times, as he values the ultimate attainment of his wishes.

It sometimes happens that a writer after passing through the vulgar routine of scholastic education, and persevering during the first few years of his literary progress, in following the steps of the *legitimates*, at length discovers that the path that he had originally chosen, is too laborious or insipid, and flies for relief or gratification to join the ranks of the *scribleri*: to point out the most effectual course of preparation for these unfortunate but praise-worthy body of individuals, would require more extensive limits than I am able to command. I would recommend to their perusal, however, Mr. Arnold's operas, Cobbett's essays, Kotzebue's romances, the "*Archæologia*," the *Edinburgh Review*, Nos. 21--30. and the poetical productions of Bridge-street. A superficial knowledge of French will help them to improve the idiom of our language; a personal acquaintance with Clio Rickman may initiate them into the most orthodox system of morality, and a regular perusal of the *Examiner* will assist them in the formation of their critical taste, and their political opinions.

I have thus (to employ the language of a celebrated pupil) drawn as it were in a hirsute, what shall I say? style-heads, general, not particular, of what may be called, surely, the *temple of truth*. Next shall I accompany you through the vestibule, *purportive* of what *bough*, no, I mean, *branch* of attempt, your efforts may distinguish. *Nor do despise what I have thus performed. You may read worse, so go and be content, as I your teacher do profess to be.**

KALOS.

* See the critical review of a production entitled the *Temple of Truth*.

THE NOTTINGHAMSHIRE THWACKUM.

THAT we are firmly attached to the established church, and that we hold the character of its ministers in the highest possible respect, is, we trust, sufficiently evident from the whole tenor of our literary labours. We have on all occasions stood forth as the undaunted champions of rational religion, and as the determined enemies of the violence, hypocrisy, and indecency by which the fanatical followers of Westley are so peculiarly distinguished. We rest our claims to the gratitude of the church, not on the profusion of indiscriminate praise, but on the zeal and perseverance with which we have defended its discipline and doctrines against the fury of bigotted intemperance, and the machinations of sanctimonious avarice, ambition, or malignity.

Though the profession of a clergyman is usually considered in no other point of view than as the last resource of stupidity or ignorance, as the final refuge of all who are disqualified for the other objects of pursuit by poverty of intellect, or indolence of habit, there are few situations of life in which more ample scope is afforded to the display of talent and the exercise of virtue than that of an established minister. In spite of the ridicule that may attach to the majority, and the prejudices to which they are all obnoxious, it must yet be acknowledged that the clergyman who becomes the object of contempt or hatred to his parishioners, must ascribe the blame to his own habits or propensities. The impressions of religion are still so predominant over the passions and opinions of the multitude, that if a clergyman conscientiously discharge the duties of his station, neither violence can injure, nor poverty degrade him. That the

litigious oppressor, the pompous pedant, the blustering drunkard, the shameless buffoon, and the drivelling parasite, should be the objects of abhorrence or contempt, those only can express astonishment or regret, who would wish the people to divest themselves of every useful talent, and every honourable feeling; if such characters as these be execrated and despised by those who are committed to their spiritual guidance, their sufferings are merited. But the man who, while he receives the emoluments, and bears the title of a christian pastor, is not ashamed to practice the virtues that he inculcates, will find that it is possible to command respect, and excite affection without assuming the austerity of a tyrant, or glorying in the vices of a professed debauchee.

To speak of the opportunities that every clergyman possesses of benefiting others, and doing honour to himself, would be a task at once superfluous and unprofitable. Should he fulfil, however, the duties of his ministerial office, there is no absolute necessity that the splendour of his example should be obscured by the rudeness or indecency of his external deportment. On a cursory survey of the clerical multitude it might be imagined that brutality was an essential characteristic of every orthodox minister, and that to possess the accomplishments of a gentleman was derogatory to the dignity of his station. The majority of clergymen may be divided into the boisterous, the pedantic, and the frivolous; the imitators of Parr, the admirers of Fellowes, and the archetypes of Smith. And when a character like that which we are about to delineate, whose repulsiveness of address excites only contempt in the minds of his parishioners, occurs to our observation, we should not do justice to the expectations of our readers, or to our own feelings, if we were to withhold that chastisement which he so obtrusively provokes.

When we inserted in a preceding number the story of *The Bauns forgotten*, we had some faint hope that the clerical blusterer alluded to, might save us the trouble of entering into a serious exposition of his character and conduct. We are not disposed to have recourse to severity till we are convinced that raillery is ineffectual. But there are some men who regard every friendly attempt at the correction of their follies, as a tribute to their consequence; who ascribe the forbearance of a *Satirist* to timidity, and despise every admonition that is not couched in such terms of reprobation as they at last provoke us to employ. Of this description is the gentleman whom we took the liberty of introducing in the article before alluded to: so far from condescending to correct the errors that we took the liberty of censuring, his conduct since the appearance of our 34th Number, has been directed by one continued system of outrageous indecency; and as a recapitulation of some of his exploits, and a delineation of the most prominent features of his character, may suggest many useful reflections, and serve as admonitory lessons to a considerable number of his brethren, we make no apology for the following more extended portrait of the *Nottinghamshire Thwackum*.

Of the decorum, and assiduity with which he performs the functions of the ministerial office, the anecdote related in a former number, will enable our readers to form an accurate estimate. But a beneficed clergyman has many opportunities of being useful, independent of his professional duties. To comply with the ordinances of the rubric, to perform the prescribed ceremonies of the weekly service, to receive his fees at the christenings, the marriages, and the funerals of his parishioners, to visit the sick, and comfort the afflicted, are duties that, however carelessly they may be generally performed, or however frequently they may be

forgotten, may be conscientiously fulfilled without entitling him to any other praise than that of a regard to decency. When a clergyman therefore possesses the power of doing good, both as a minister and a magistrate, and when in the former capacity he violates every obligation of duty, and every restraint of decorum, while he converts the authority vested in him by the latter of these offices to the purposes of oppression; it would be worse than affectation to refrain from an exposure of his character through any motives of delicacy or tenderness.

We believe that it is not usual for a magistrate to regulate the prices at which the tradesmen within his jurisdiction shall sell the necessaries of life, and we are sure that any interference of this nature is indecent in a clergyman. But avarice is a passion of powerful influence, and it is natural that those who are fond of swilling at the parish ale-houses, should wish that the price of ale at these mansions of social elegance, should be as reasonable as possible. Whatever might be the motive of Mr. Thwackum's conduct, it is certain that on the eighth of September last, being licence day, a meeting of the innkeepers in the market town took place, where he addressed them in the following laconic oration :

"GENTLEMEN,

"This is the only day in the year that I have you in my power !!!* I have had a complaint

* Here our *knowing* Clerical Magistrate made a long pause, which so alarmed the innocent victims that stood before him, that the hairs of their head stood

"Erect, like quills upon the fretful porcupine ;"

And one poor fellow was so alarmed at this first sentence that had any body undertaken the trouble of shaking him, he would have exhaled a *scent* more odoriferous than any that the *four-and-twenty-parson-fox-hunters* could possibly have followed in their lives.

made against you by some residents in this parish for charging one penny per quart more for your ale than you ought to do. I shall suspend your licences until this day week, and if you do not agree for the future to sell your ale for one penny per quart less, I shall licence other houses, and at ONE BLOW fell you ALL to the ground, and reduce you and your families to beggary."

Such is the urbanity of his manners, and such the rectitude of his conduct! But we are compelled to record a still more flagrant instance of his wickedness and folly. A farmer of M— having reason to suspect his servant of stealing a quantity of cheese, brought her for examination before our *worthy* magistrate. The servant had previously bribed her master's little boy by a present of half-a-crown to say that the housekeeper was guilty of the theft; and on the child's appearance in the justice-room, he fell a crying, and said "he had the half-crown given him to tell a story." "What story?" replied the justice, angrily (and immediately turning his head another way.) Here the father of the child attempted to come forward and explain; but this was too much for our conscientious justice, who had endeavoured to prevent the child's exclamation from being attended to. The placid dignity of his visage was evidently discomposed by so audacious an interference, and though rage had nearly deprived him of speech, he contrived to blurt out this sublime and elegant fulmination, "Get down stairs, fellow, and wait below until the king makes you a magistrate, then you may walk up again!"*

* We cannot omit stating here another instance of the *officious* and *obtrusive manners* of this said parson magistrate.---At the Nottinghamshire assizes, for Midsummer, 1808, he met with the following severe rebuke from the upright Judge on

And is this the open behaviour of a "*light of the church, and guardian of the laws?*" Are injustice so flagrant, and indecency so gross, to pass without even one casual effort of correction? We hope and trust that *ours* is not the only chastisement that this betrayer of his official trust, is destined to endure. Were we to relate all the disgraceful anecdotes respecting him that we have in our possession, we should trespass beyond the limits of a moderate article. Let him take warning, therefore, by our necessary forbearance, and if he be not afraid of authoritative interference, let him be restrained from an indulgence of his propensities, by the consciousness that it is within our power to inflict chastisement in a more ample manner. For this time only we shall say to him, "Go thy way: sin no more; lest a worse thing come unto thee."

In the mean time we shall take the liberty of copying for his perusal the following extract from an old book, which we are afraid is seldom read by the present generation of his brethren. It may serve as a guide to his future conduct, and furnish him with some useful hints for the regulation of his manners:

CANON 75.

"SOBER CONVERSATION REQUIRED IN MINISTERS.

"No ecclesiastical person shall at any time, other than for their honest necessities, *resort to any taverns or alehouses*, neither shall they board or lodge in any such places. Furthermore, they shall not give themselves to any base or servile la-

the bench:---" Sit down, Sir! I will have no dictation to witnesses; you may, perhaps, take upon you to dictate from your own bench, but you have no authority here;---I sit here as Judge, to administer the laws of our country impartially. Sit down, Sir; I say, sit down,"

bour, or to *drinking* or *riot*, spending their time idly by day or by night, playing at dice, cards or tables, or any other unlawful game : but at all times convenient, they shall hear or read somewhat of the holy scriptures, or shall occupy themselves with some other honest study or exercise, always doing the things which shall appertain to honesty, and endeavouring to profit the church of God, having always in mind that THEY OUGHT TO EXCEL ALL OTHERS IN PURITY OF LIFE, and should be examples to the people to live well and christianly, under pain of ecclesiastical censures, to be inflicted with severity according to the qualities of their offences."

Let it not be imagined that in the preceding observations we have been influenced by any feelings of personal dislike. We have selected this *Nottinghamshire THWACKUM* as the object of our strictures because his vices are more obtrusive than the secret orgies of many who will read this article with malicious gratification. In a clergyman alone, hypocrisy is less criminal than open wickedness: *his* example has considerable influence, and we should therefore *honestly* recommend to his consideration the advice of Churchill, "*Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.*" At the same time we would recommend the other *four-and-twenty* parsons of S. to regard the present exposure as a caution to themselves, and to be sure, before they amuse themselves with our portrait of a brother, that they themselves are not equally deserving of satirical castigation.

FALSE PROPHECIES.

THERE is something so base, so contrary to the inherent disposition of Englishmen, in the endeavours of

those pretended augurs who are everlastingly prophesying national calamities and ruin, with the view of destroying public confidence and public credit, and of bringing about those very mischiefs which they assert will inevitably happen, that nothing but the notoriety of their being British subjects, and the publicity of their characters, would induce us to believe that any but the thoroughbred *French* spies of Buonaparte could be guilty of such unnatural villainy. That their *wishes* coincide with their *evil predictions* is evident, from their joy and exultation at every circumstance which affords them the grounds of hope that the latter will be verified. Who can read the joyous sneers, the exulting and triumphant ravings of *Cobbett*, at the fall of *Almeida*, without being forced to admit this disgraceful fact—he has long been labouring to render our army and its gallant general contemptible in the eyes of his countrymen, and to impress them with the highest ideas of the superiority of the enemy—he even wishes them to believe the authority of Massena and the *Moniteur* in preference to that of Lord *Wellington* and the *London Gazette*. He has quoted from the former paper a passage, wherein it is ridiculously stated that 25,000 Frenchmen would not be afraid of 40,000 English, and this too after having previously told us, in plain terms, that we should *do well* to attend to, that is, *to believe*, the authority of that subservient journal. We think, however, that when the news of the victory of *Vimeira* was brought (and we are quite certain that he has expressed the same sentiment in numerous pages of his *former Registers*) he made use of words to this effect,*

* Being in the country, and having neglected to take the different volumes of the Political Register with us, we are unable to give the precise words, but are quite certain that we are substantially correct.

“ I always said that the idea of one *Englishman's* being a match for three *Frenchmen* was not an empty boast, but a positive fact.” This was before he prophesied, as he did last year most confidently, that before a certain month (*now long past*) we should not have a man either in Spain or Portugal, except as prisoners of war. Ever since this prediction he has been unceasingly employed in decrying the prowess of Englishmen, and eulogizing that of the French, not *openly*, because he feared that would disgust and open the eyes of his readers to his real designs, but by *sneers*, *dark inuendos*, and other cowardly methods of attempting gradually to undermine the confidence which his countrymen have in their brave defenders, and at the same time to render their enemies less odious. Can this conduct be that of an honest man—of a well-wisher to England? Is there not good cause to suspect that he who acts thus must be paid otherwise than by the sale of his poison? When Buonaparte persuaded his physician to destroy his sick fellow soldiers in Egypt, the *acting* murderer was not merely paid the price of the *laudanum* used on the horrible occasion. No, no; Buonaparte knows that murderers and traitors must be paid (and well paid too) for their villainous *services*; he knows that the ruling passion of both is *base lucre*! and he will take care that their ruling passions shall be *gratified* as long as they continue those services.

It is perfectly consistent with the whole tenor of Cobbett's *reformed* conduct, to call those editors who asserted that Almeida was too strong to be easily taken ‘*lying*’ and *venal slaves*,’ for these epithets he now applies to every man whom he thinks wishes well to his country's cause: few will, however, discover their *propriety* on the present occasion.—ALMEIDA was known to be one

of the strongest fortresses on the frontiers of Portugal, it was well garrisoned and plentifully stored with ammunition and provisions, there were therefore good grounds for supposing that it would hold out for a considerable time. "What" (we think we hear the miscreant exultingly exclaim) "then you own that all these obstacles can be easily overcome by the brave and irresistible troops of Massena, since the strong and well provided fortress was achieved by them in *only two days*!" "Yes, yes, you are compelled to acknowledge the superiority of the *French* soldiers!"—Softly, softly, good apostate, we neither own nor acknowledge any such things—Suppose one of the finest line of battle ships in the British Navy, (the Royal Charlotte, for instance, that was launched a few weeks back at Deptford) was to sail, fully equipped, on a cruise to the Bay of Biscay; would you, false and audacious as you are, dare to call that man "a *lying, venal slave*" who should assert that she might bid the best vessel in the enemy's service defiance, or would you dare to say "it was a proof of the superiority of French seamen, if one of Buonaparte's *seventy-fours* were to engage her, and, in consequence of her powder magazines blowing up, obtain possession of her wreck?"—Now you have your dear friend Massena's authority to prove that "the magazine at Almeida actually blew up with a terrible explosion." Does not this unforeseen and improbable accident sufficiently account for the surrender of that fortress '*in two days*,' which there was good cause to believe would hold out for as many months? And does the capture of a garrison thus bereft of *ammunition* and every means of defence prove either the bravery or the superiority of *your good ALLIES, the French*, any more than the event which we have supposed? Art thou quite outrageous, quite

frantic, because thy prophecy that Lord Wellington would *long ere now*, be driven with disgrace out of Portugal, has proved thee a liar? Take comfort, this can do thee no manner of harm: all the world knew thee for such, long enough before thou gavest them this additional proof of the fact.—Persevere in representing the English army in Portugal “superior *in numbers* at least” to the French, and then, should a battle take place, thou art sure to have an opportunity of gratifying thy malice and thy friends: If the former are victorious thou canst hint “that their success has gained them *no laurels*,” that “there was no more merit in beating such a handful of Frenchmen than there would be in dispersing a family of brave, bloody patriotic united Irishmen with a whole regiment of dragoons.” And if thy friends should triumph, only think what a glorious opportunity thou wilt have of *dastardising* thy countrymen?—The desertion of the *two* German soldiers* could not have given thee half such heartfelt satisfaction.

But let us return to the apostate's *prophecies*: It seems that all those writers who do not agree with his predictions relative to Holland and to the means of annoying us which Buonaparte will find in that country, are equally ‘*base, lying and venal*,’ as the ‘*slaves*’ who dared to express an opinion about the strength of *Almeida*. Yes,

* When we saw this circumstance mentioned in the *Courier* we immediately said to a friend present—“Mark how Cobbett will triumph at this event in his next *Register*.” We were not deceived, the apostate's joy knew no bounds; he hailed it, positively, as a proof of the disaffection and intention of the *whole* German legion; forgetting that not many years ago he himself, after having preferred the grossest false charges against his officers, *deserted* and *went over* to the French, and that, notwithstanding this, no British soldier has since been base enough to follow his example.

reader, he positively asserts that every man who will not see that the possession of Holland will enable Buonaparte to *destroy our trade—outbuild our navy*, and invade our shores, are not only '*base, lying, venal slaves*' but *idiots*; now as we unfortunately cannot see all this, it is some satisfaction to find that, until he purged his eye-sight with the *collyrium* of democracy—until he eat the bread of Sir Francis Burdett—that is, before Mr. Pitt refused to dine with such an apostate, scoundrel, false witness, and deserter at Mr. Windham's table, HE *was as blind—aye and blinder* than ourselves; as will appear from the following extract from his own writings.

" Those *profound* statesmen who, *for our sins*, conduct the newspapers of this country, swore by all that was good that as soon as Amsterdam was taken, Great Britain would become a prey to the Carmagnoles (i. e. the French.)---Is it so? No, not just yet; 'but it will be so very soon,' (say they) for a 'bridge of boats' is getting ready to carry them over. " Have patience only a few weeks longer and there will be no such place as England in the world." My good countrymen, be no longer *the sport* of these sons of ink. They LIE, good folks, UPON MY SOUL THEY LIE!!! *I foretold long enough ago that the English would REJOICE at the over-running of Holland, and they do not rejoice at it if their benevolent compassion for the Dutch must have got the better of their INTEREST, FOR IF THERE EVER WAS AN EVENT THAT TENDED TO THE AGGRANDIZEMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN, IT IS CERTAINLY THIS.*

" There is something unaccountable to me in the reports concerning the taking of Hollaud. It is a *conquest*, and yet the poor Dutch are made free and independent by it. The people every where received the French with open arms, and yet these latter have shewn infinite *bravery* and gained everlasting *glory* by the victory. Before the French entered Holland, the people were *starving*, but as soon as the French arrived the granaries became full of corn, which was to be sent off immediately to

feed the gaunt sans culottes in France, and so spread plenty over Holland. The Dutch fleet is in one page of our newspapers added to the French navy, to fight the English in the channel, and in another it is drawn up in line of battle by itself, to fight a squadron in the North-sea. How can this be, you bare-headed politicians? How can this be I say?*

Cobbett's Works, Vol. 2, p. 143 and 145.

To offer any remarks on this would be to insult the understandings of our readers—they must indeed be “blind idiots,” who do not here see the apostate, the audacious apostate, who is continually raving against the apostacy of others at full length.

We have not, however, done with him and his evil-minded prophecies. Let it never be forgotten that last June he told us that there was positively *no corn on the ground*—that it was nonsense to talk of the crops improving, and that bread would certainly be TWO SHILLINGS AND SIX PENCE the quartern loaf: when he found that the crops had, towards the end of July, assumed a very favourable appearance, he endeavoured “to back out,” by saying that *contrary to his expectation*, (had he spoken the truth he would have said, *contrary to his hopes*) the bread corn *was considerably improved*; but still unwilling to write one cheering sentence, he added, “that notwithstanding this there was no hope of bread’s being less than *two shillings or two and six pence* the quartern loaf at *Christmas*.” Since he has found that the harvest has proved abundant, and that instead of *rising*, bread has already actually *FALLEN five pence* in the peck loaf, the

* To read this one is almost tempted to believe that, at the time of his writing it, Cobbett had a *second-sight* view of the *Newgate series* of his own *Political Register*.—Query. Has Holland recently changed her latitude and longitude?

disappointed miscreant has not written a syllable on the subject.

Will any honest Englishman, after having read these proofs of baseness, apostacy, and infamy, subscribe his weekly *two shillings*, or FIVE POUNDS, FOUR SHILLINGS a year (which is more than nineteen twentieths of the people pay in taxes) towards the maintenance of WILLIAM COBBETT? No! he will immediately order his newsman to discontinue the *lying Register*, in which nothing is found but falsehood, malice, and sedition!!!

Numbers of this vile work are taken in by those who have continued it ever since it contained loyal and truly patriotic sentiments, merely because they are too indolent, or too careless, to order their servants to contradict it.—We met with an instance of this a few days ago: being on a visit to a gentleman of known *honor and loyalty*, we were surprised to find a number of the Political Register on his breakfast-table and enquired the cause. “D——n the rascal,” replied our friend—“I have taken in his work ever since its commencement, but hav’nt read a line of it these four years? I always forget,” added he, “to order it to be discontinued”—We instantly offered our services, and had the satisfaction of adding two numbers weekly to the *waggon loads* of unsold rubbish which lie mouldering in the shops of Messrs. Budd and Bagshaw*, and which, we are happy to hear, are likely to remain there, notwithstanding the begging and puffing advertisements which have recently been issued from the cells of Newgate.

* Publishers of the *Register*.

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE, Esq.

SIR,

WHEN a gentleman of knowledge and abilities superior to the common herd of scribblers, condescends to submit his opinions to the world on a subject of importance to the immediate prosperity and the ultimate safety of the nation, it becomes the duty of every conscientious observer to examine his suggestions and his arguments, with a degree of minuteness proportionate to the celebrity such a writer has acquired, and to the probable influence of his authority on the ideas and feelings of the multitude. Had the pamphlet, entitled "*Brief Observations on the Address to his Majesty proposed by Earl Grey in the House of Lords*," proceeded from an obscure or anonymous adventurer in the field of political combat, it would not have deserved or procured that attention which is due even to the most trifling fragment of the historian of the Medici. Its intrinsic merits, indeed, are not of a nature to recommend it to the notice of the public, unassisted by the reputation of its author, or to check the presumption of any individual whom a sense of public duty might excite to refute its sophisms, and detect its misstatements. That its diction is chaste, and its language elegant ; that it possesses an animated volubility of style that gratifies the ear, and interests the mind, and that it is totally free from the literary faults that are usually chargeable to the authors of temporary pamphlets, must be candidly acknowledged : but that it displays any profundity of thought, or brilliance of conception ; that it contains a single argument, or elicits a single idea that has not been advanced before ; or that it

bears any evidence of philosophical genius, or political sagacity, even the Monthly Reviewers will find it difficult to demonstrate.

The man who descends from the gravity of the historian to become the literary champion of a factious party, can only be compared to the mariner who, at the first approach of a storm, forsakes the vessel that has borne him smoothly and triumphant over the peaceful ocean, and commits his possessions and his life to a flimsy cock-boat, in which, if he miraculously brave the fury of the tempest, he can only reach some barbarous shore, or some solitary rock, where his treasures are useless, and his existence precarious. You, Sir, present a melancholy instance of the manner in which a reputation justly acquired by the devotion of your talents to subjects worthy of their splendour, may be *frittered away* in the petty squabbles of political warfare. Had you confined your lucubrations to the literature and politics of a foreign country and a distant age, you might yet have been regarded with some degree of respectful admiration by other readers than the correspondents of Cobbett and the friends of Solomon. But possessing only a superficial knowledge of the constitution of your own country, you were ambitious of displaying your qualifications as a statesman; without even a moderate acquaintance with the principles of political economy, you were eager to engage in a contest of financial skill, with the "manufacturers of the annual budget;" destitute of every pretension to the higher powers of the mind, you were anxious to convince the world that Mr. Fox had only given place to a more eloquent and worthy Demosthenes; and with an obliquity of intellect that rendered any effort to diverge from the path of your original career, as unavail-

ing as it was painful, you wished to astonish the wise, and confound the studious, by the multifariousness of your knowledge, and the versatility of your genius.

As it must be admitted that your exposition of Lord Grey's inconsistencies is tolerably successful, and as the *argumentum ad hominem* has but a slight connection with the more comprehensive question, *whether the war should be continued?* and if that be answered in the affirmative, *what is the best mode of prosecuting it?* I shall select these topics of enquiry as the principal subjects of my present discussion. On the effects of war, considered in the abstract, I shall not hazard any observations, not only because the arguments of Cobbett, strong and obvious as they are, do not appear to have had much influence on your mind, but because my case is sufficiently strong without any determination of so speculative a question.

Your favorite argument against the continuance of the war, appears to be founded on the situation to which we have been reduced since its commencement. "The very situation (you say) into which we are brought by the war, is alledged as the most powerful motive for its continuance." *Again*, "to what are we to attribute the origin of French aggrandisement, but to the attack of the allied sovereigns of Europe, upon the then almost defenceless territory of France. To what is every accession that she has made, to be in fact imputed, but to a perseverance in the same hostile measures, &c. &c. &c." "Upon what grounds then is it to be argued that the subjugation of France, which when she was in a state of disorder and debility could not be effected by the united efforts of Europe, should now, when she has acquired an *accession of power beyond all that could have been conjectured*, be accomplished by the sole efforts of this country, not only without the

aid of, but in opposition to, those very powers, in alliance with whom we commenced the war."

Now, in the first place, this mode of reasoning involves an inconsistency, which is only equalled by many others in your own pamphlet. You acknowledge that the success of France has been *beyond what could have been conjectured*, yet you argue from this success, so unexpected and so contrary to every rational ground of prophecy, against the continuance of the contest. Before your argument can bear the shadow of plausibility you must be prepared to demonstrate, in opposition to what you have asserted, that the aggrandisement of France was owing to *one uniform cause*, of which the *operation still continues, and which must exist as long as the war is protracted*. To say, as you virtually do, that "accident having reduced us to a worse situation than that in which we stood in the year 1793, we must take a lesson for the future from the experience of the past;" can only mean that a series of similar accidents may reduce us to dependance, or deprive us of every thing that can make freedom valuable. But we have at least as much right to calculate on the operations of chance as our enemies, with this presumption in our favour, that if we have been so unfortunate as you would wish us to believe, the *good luck* of our antagonist is likely to cease, and ours to begin. If accidents are the proper objects of human confidence, we have at least as much reason for hope as our adversary; the power of a tyrant may be overthrown by a thousand contingencies, and the example of Spain may convince us that military despotism is not always secure of a peaceful triumph; but those natural barriers, by which our liberty has been hitherto defended from the assaults of foreign violence and power, can only be destroyed by

a convulsion that would leave no trace behind it of the ruin it had made ; and that safety which is dependent on the peculiar genius and combined resolution of a whole people, is less liable to destruction from unexpected danger, than that power which is indebted for its establishment and continuance to the talents and the fortune of an enterprising individual. I have not now the leisure to conclude these remarks; next month you shall hear from me again, and in the mean time I remain,

Your very obedient servant,

EPSILON.

EXTRACTS FROM COBBETT.

OUR publication of "*the Important Considerations*" from the *Political Register* of July 30th, 1803, has given universal satisfaction, and several correspondents have besought us to give, occasionally, other extracts from the former works of Cobbett, that all the world may be convinced of the baseness and apostacy of that arch rebel: in compliance with this request we now present our readers with a few *choice specimens*, taken from a pamphlet entitled *The Trial of Republicanism*, which he published in 1799, and reprinted in the 10th volume of his Works, with a postscript; which we have given at full length. The *Specimens* have also been inserted in one of the volumes of his *Political Register* in 1802---they cannot therefore be considered as opinions hastily formed, or as resulting from "*inexperience*."---The work is prefaced with an introductory address to the Hon. Thomas (now lord) Erskine.---We shall in our next number continue these

CHOICE SPECIMENS.

“The present have been called “the days of disloyalty,” and in proof of the justice of the appellation, the clamours for what has been termed a *constitutional and parliamentary reform* have been cited, but when I recollect having heard, that forty years ago, a pair of sleeve buttons were enhanced to triple their value by the words *Wilkes and Liberty*, imprinted on the rim; when I recollect, that the same paltry device, stamped upon the pot, gave the fancied taste of stingo to the vapid and muddy dribblings of the barrel; when I recollect that a miserable adventurer, without ancestry, without fortune, without character, without any thing but impudence, obscenity and blasphemy to recommend him, succeeded, merely by coupling his name to that of *liberty*, in terrifying British justice from her purpose, and in shaking the very basis of the throne; when I recollect these things, I cannot help believing that we are quite as loyal, and not quite so *foolish*, as our fathers. From whatever source *political delusion* may come, by whatever means it may be propagated, and in whatever degree it may prevail, can its prevalence ever be conducive either to the interest or honour of the nation? Can it enlarge our understandings, or strengthen the integrity of our hearts? Can it lessen our wants, or increase our comforts? At home can it ever make us happy? Abroad, can it ever make us feared and respected? Experience, sad experience, says NO. On the contrary, it is the cause of all our calamities and disgraces, domestic and foreign. It is a slow but deadly poison to Britain. Amidst those blessings, which are the envy of her neighbours, it makes her peevish, male-contented and mad; it mines her constitution, it convulses her frame, it enervates those councils, and palsies those arms, with which she would otherwise annihilate her foes.

“The insolent republican, (PAINE, whose work *Mr. Erskine defended*,) tells the people of England that they are *slaves*, because they are governed by a king, and because the constitution of their government does not, like a legal contract, consist of a certain number of articles, defining the rights and circumscribing the power of the parties. I have not the injustice to

say, or to insinuate, that Mr. Erskine, or any of his noble and honourable friends, carry their notions to this excess of absurdity ; but, *I shall not be accused of a want of candour in asserting that their vehement and persevering clamours for REFORM, do directly tend to unsettle the minds of the people, and to make them sigh for a state of things somewhat resembling that which these "honourable" men have very judiciously left it for Paine and HIS MORE DARING FOLLOWERS to describe.*

" I am not unaware of the passions and prejudices I have to encounter. " He that goeth about," says the venerable Hooker, " to persuade a multitude *that they are not so well governed as they ought to be*, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers ; because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of state, are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all ; and for men that carry singular freedom of mind, that which wanteth in the weight of their speech, is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it. Whereas, on the other side, *if we maintain things that are established*, we have not only to strive with a number of heavy prejudices, deeply rooted in the hearts of men, who think that herein we save the time, and speak in favour of the present state, because thereby we either hold, or seek preferment ; but also to bear such exceptions as minds so averted beforehand usually take against that which they are loth should be poured into them.*

" Such were the obstacles to the progress of truth, two hundred years ago ; such are they at this day, and such will they ever remain. But, there are some of these obstacles, which do not, I presume, present themselves to me. I neither hold, nor seek preferment ; nor is it at all probable, that I ever shall exercise or enjoy the emoluments of any. Besides they are not *opinions*, but *facts*, which I have to lay before you. Nor shall these facts be drawn from antiquated history, the authenticity of which you might doubt ; but from a state of things this moment in exercise. Again ; they shall not be sought for amongst the Venetians, the Genoese, the Swiss, the Dutch, or any other out-

* How gloriously has Cobbett since profited by this hint !

landish race ; but amongst a people descended from the same stock with yourselves ; speaking the same language, having the same sober temper, the same habits, customs, and manners, and differing from you only in those points where the revolution in their government have had immediate effect. And as to my evidence, it shall not be such as was given * at Maidstone, to the character of O'Connor, but rather such as was afterwards given to that character by O'Connor himself : it shall come from neither the friends nor the enemies of republicanism, but from *the lips of the republicans themselves.*†

“ Political liberty is, at best, a very doubtful good ; but, civil liberty, that is to say, justice, security for his property and his person, every honest man looks upon as the most valuable of all earthly blessings. *The liberty of voting, bawling, and even of getting drunk at an election,* is but a poor compensation to the sovereign citizen for the loss of that property, of which, by the help of a corrupt or ignorant court, his rich neighbour may have but the day before deprived him. The fact is, that, when Englishmen talk about liberty, they generally mean *that security from oppression, which THEY are SURE to find in the courts of justice.*

“ The English judiciary, from its total independence, either on the crown or the parliament, exhibits the noblest features of dignity, impartiality and ability, that ever adorned any human institution. The splendour of the monarch, the riches and power of the nobles, the influence and violence of the commons, can never warp the course of justice. In this lies the true equality of British subjects ; that great and small, all classes and conditions of men, are assured of having the laws IMPARTIALLY EXECUTED.‡ Every man is certain that justice will be done ; any other equality is savage nature, the cheat word of modern reformers and ambitious knaves.”

* By Sir Francis Burdett and others.

† Mr. Griffith and other Americans whose authorities he quotes.

‡ What a consoling reflection for Mister Cobbett, at this moment !

The author then produces *facts*, and gives the authority of living witnesses in support of his assertions, after which he proceeds thus :

“ PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

“ I now come to a part of the evidence, which merits your most serious attention. The witness is about to exhibit to you a true picture of a *legislative assembly chosen annually by the people*. Our famous countryman, Swift, has compared the people, who choose such assemblies, to those silly worms, which exhaust their substance, and destroy their lives, in making habits for beings of a superior order. With all due deference to such authority, I beg leave to say, that the latter part of the comparison will not bear the test of experience. That the people, in the exercise of their imaginary rights and privileges, do exhaust their substance, and sometimes destroy their lives, is most certain ; but that they do this for the sake of *beings of a superior order* will be believed by *no one*, who has paid any attention to *the objects of their choice*, and who must of course have observed, that the choice does not unfrequently fall upon *bankrupts, swindlers, quacks, parasites, panders, atheists, APOSTATES*, in a word, upon *the most infamous and the most despicable of the human race ; wretches whom no prudent tradesman would trust alone in his shop, and with whom any honest man would blush to be seen in conversation*. How happens it, my countrymen, that the people of America, for instance, are induced to commit their property and their lives to the guardianship of the refuse of the community ? The Americans are, generally speaking, descended from the same ancestors with yourselves ; they are by no means inferior to you in point of discernment, and their love of liberty, property, and life is equal to your's. I will tell you the cause of their preposterous choice. The mass of the people, of all nations, are so fond of nothing as of *power*. MEN OF SENSE *know* that the people can, in reality, exercise NO POWER which will not tend to their own injury ; and therefore, if they are honest men, as well as men of sense, they scorn to foster their vanity at the expence of

their peace and happiness.* Hence it is, that, in states where the popular voice is unchecked by a royal or any other hereditary controul, that voice is, nine times out of ten, given in favour of those *fawning parasites, who, in order to gratify their own interest and ambition, profess to acknowledge no sovereignty but that of the people*, and who, when they once get into power, rule the poor sovereign that has chosen them, *with a rod of scorpions*, affecting, while the miserable wretch is writhing under their stripes, to call themselves his “*representatives!*” Of all the tyrannies, that the devil or man ever invented, the tyranny of an elective assembly, uncontrouled by regal power, is the most insupportable. When the tyrant is an individual, the *slaves* have the satisfaction of knowing their oppressor; they have the consolation of hearing him execrated, and amidst miseries they are now and then cheered with the hope, that some *vallant hand* will bear a dagger to his heart. But an uncontrolled elective assembly is an undefinable, an invisible, and an invulnerable monster; it insinuates like the plague, or strikes like the apoplexy; it is as capricious as cruel, and as ravenous as death; like death, too, it loses half its terrors by the frequent repetition of its ravages, and such is its delusive influence, that every man, though he daily sees his neighbours falling a sacrifice to the scourge, vainly imagines it to be at a distance from himself.

“*Such, ENGLISHMEN, such are the consequences of republican government and written constitutions. The AMBITIOUS KNAVES who flatter you with high notions of your rights and privileges, who are everlastingly driving in your ears the blessings of what they call the “ELECTIVE FRANCHISE,” wish to add to the number of electors, because they well know that THEY would thereby gain an accession of strength. The only object that such men have in view, is the gratification of their own ambition, at the public expence; and to accomplish this object, they stand in need of your assistance. There is a continual struggle between them and the legitimate sovereignty of the country, which restrains them from PILLAGING, OPPRESSING, AND INSULTING THE PEOPLE. Hence it*

* Then what a rogue must thou be, Cobbett!

is, that they are continually endeavouring to persuade the people, that that sovereignty requires to be checked and controuled; *in which nefarious endeavours they are, unfortunately, but too often successful.* How they would act, were they once to ingross the whole power of the state, you may easily perceive from what has been disclosed to you respecting the legislature of an American republic. If you imagine that you should be able to avoid the evils which, from this source, the Americans have experienced, you deceive yourselves most grossly. They are as fond of freedom as you are, and they want no information that you possess; but, having been too jealous of the royal authority, having lent their ear, and next their hand, to those demagogues who persuaded them that they were capable of governing themselves, they destroyed the only safeguard of that liberty, for which they thought they were fighting, and the want of which they now so sensibly deplore.'

"Stick to the *Crown*, though you find it hanging on a bush," was the precept which a good old Englishman gave to his sons, at a time when the monarchy was threatened with that subversion, which it afterwards experienced, and which was attended with the perpetration of a deed, that has fixed an indelible stain on the annals of England. Blessed be GOD, we are threatened with no such danger at present; but a repetition of the precept can *never* be out of season, as long as there are *Whigs* in existence, and as long as there are men foolish enough to listen to their insidious harangues. The Crown is the guardian of the nation, but more especially is its guardianship necessary to those who are destitute of rank and wealth. The king gives the weakest and poorest of us some degree of consequence: as his subjects, we are upon a level with the noble and the rich; in yielding him obedience, veneration and love, neither obscurity nor penury can repress our desires, or lessen the pleasures that we feel in return; he is the fountain of national honor, which, like the sun, is no respecter of persons, but smiles with equal warmth on the palace and the cottage; in his justice, his magnanimity, his piety, in the wisdom of his councils, in the splendor of his throne, in the glory of his arms, in all his virtues and in all his honours, we share, not according to rank or to

riches, but in proportion to the love that we bear to the land which gave us birth, and which contains the ashes of our fathers."

On republishing the foregoing sentiments in his works, which were printed by subscription in 1801, Cobbett added the following *postscript*, which we have transcribed *verbatim* from the end of the tenth volume. After having read this, written when he was *thirty-five* years old, what will our readers think of his now pleading *youth* and *inexperience* in excuse for his former loyalty?

" POSTSCRIPT.—TO THE PUBLIC.

" On Monday last a copy of the following advertisement was sent to the office of *The Morning Chronicle*, with directions for it to be inserted in that paper of the next day.

This day is published, price 2s.

THE TRIAL of REPUBLICANISM ; or a series of Political Papers, proving the injurious and debasing consequences of REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT, and *written Constitutions*.

By PETER PORCUPINE.

Printed for Cobbett and Morgan, at the *Crown and Mitre*, Pall Mall.

" The clerk at the Chronicle office took in the advertisement and received the six shillings for its insertion. But he had not, it seems, been admitted into the more sublime arcana of the office, for the advertisement was kept out of the paper, and upon inquiry made by my direction, into the cause of the exclusion, the clerk said *he was not authorized to state the cause, but was ready to return the six shillings*.

" Another circumstance, of a similar nature, will tend to explain the motives of the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, whose name, I am told, is *Perry*. It was this : when I published the prospectus of the PORCUPINE, I sent it to several papers for insertion, amongst the rest to the *Morning Chronicle* ; from the office of which I received it back the next day, accompanied with information, that *Mr. Perry* would not suffer it to be in-

serted, unless I would leave out a certain part, which he had marked with his pen. The *exceptionable* part was that, where in I speak of *the fatal effects of REBELLION AGAINST MONARCHY, and of the dreadful consequences of REPUBLICANISM*. This fact strongly corroborates the presumption, that the advertisement of the pamphlet was excluded only because it notified the appearance of something which was intended to prove "*the injurious and debasing consequences of Republican government and writt en constitutions.*"

"The conduct of this paltry printer I should have treated with silent contempt, were it not a clear indication of the spirit and partialities of those, by whom his publication is supported.

"These men are wont, on all occasions, to dwell with rapture on "that inestimable blessing, *the liberty of the press.*" But if you attempt to make use of that press, for the purpose of counteracting the effects of their falsehood and misrepresentations, they instantly have recourse to what they regard as the most effectual means of vengeance, or of suppression. This *has been uniformly* their conduct, from the reign of Charles I. to the present hour.

"Of *loyalty*, too, they are ever full of *professions*; but, if you inculcate veneration and love for the king, and a cheerful obedience to his commands; if you endeavour to shew the superior excellence of monarchical government, to expose the vices of republicanism, or to excite a horror of the crime of rebellion; then you perceive, that all their loyal professions are but a mere palliative of their disloyalty, extorted from them by the known, and as yet unperverted, sense and disposition of the people at large.

"Many and foolish enough are the paragraphs, pamphlets, books, and harangues, in which I have seen high-wrought eulogiums on the republican governments of the American states. I have been in that political paradise. I have not galloped over the surface like *Weld*; nor have I, like *Brissot*, been led from one parterre to another by an officious philanthropist. *I have dived into the earth, I have examined the soil, stratum by stratum, I have traced the divers plants from the lowest fibre to the topmost leaf, I have seen them blossom and bear, and I have tasted the*

fruit. I have witnessed "the injurious and debasing consequences of republican government and written constitutions," and, in the pamphlet which the *Morning Chronicle* refuses to advertise, I have clearly exposed some few of them to the world. I am aware of the prejudices I have to encounter, I can see the picture of WASHINGTON staring this insulted nation in the face, from the window of every printseller in London, and from the walls of not a few of those, whom one might hope to see ready to trample rebellion under foot; I know that success on one side, and mercantile avarice on the other, have covered the foulest of crimes with the fairest of veils; and I am fully aware, that there are many men in the kingdom, who, though now firm friends to the monarchy and the king, never wish to hear a lesson drawn from the woeful experience of America, lest it should remind the world of the foolish part which *they* acted in the rupture that gave her her fatal independence; but not any, nor all of these considerations, will deter me from the pursuit of that object, which I have long had in view, and in the accomplishment of which, if I should be so happy as to succeed, I shall think a life of labor amply rewarded. Neither coldness, neglect, reproach, nor persecution, will dishearten me! I shall NEVER WANT THE WILL TO PROCEED, and industry and economy will furnish me with the means. My progress will be slow, it will be sure. By continual dropping water will wear out the hardest marble; and who has not heard that the patient nibblings of the mouse once released the royal lion from his toils?

WILLIAM COBBETT.

Pall Mall, April 30th, 1801.

THE LUNIAD, *continued.*

Book the sixth. Sir Francis, astonished and affrighted at the melancholy situation to which he so unexpectedly finds himself reduced, "in vain invokes" the spirit of

Tooke to his assistance. In vain he calls for the friendly aid of the subscription colonel, and the magnanimous brother of the exiled Arthur. Condemned to remain a few more years on "their dirty clod of native earth" *they* had not yet arrived at the mansions of lunar felicity. The courage of our hero is about to fail him, he lets fall some involuntary expressions of vexation at his folly, and heaves some heart-felt sighs of repentance for his iniquities, when he is suddenly roused from imaginary sorrow, to the contemplation of a sight which harrows up all the faculties of his soul. From the crowd assembled at the lunar turnpike of the bridge, he perceives a human form approach him. As it comes nearer he discovers, that instead of wearing his head on his shoulders, he carries it in his hand. He immediately recognizes the countenance to be that of his former friend, the patriot **DESPARD!** Overcome with horror he would have turned away from a spectacle so afflicting. He is soon, however, relieved from his grief and affright by the well known sound of the *ci-devant* colonel's voice, who welcomes him to the Moon in the warmest terms of rapturous congratulation. After the first compliments are passed, and Sir Francis has satisfied the curiosity of his friend, respecting the state of politics on the earth, Sir Francis politely requests the colonel to take a place in his chariot, and give him an account of the regions he is about to enter. But by what means is this to be accomplished? For the colonel to mount or the chariot to be lowered is equally impossible: as a last resource, therefore, the trunk of the colonel tosses his head into the coach window, and then walks leisurely away.

Canto the seventh, is entirely occupied with the conversation between Sir Francis and the colonel's head; and sorry we are that our limits prevent us from giving

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more than a superficial abstract of this interesting dialogue. The following, however, is the substance of the information it contains. " The Moon (as Sir Francis conjectured from his own observation) is made of green cheese, and covered with forests of the bread-fruit tree. That the rivers flow with porter, and the clouds distil that favourite liquor which is known under the various denominations of *Tape*, Old Tom, and Two-penny. That the superabundance of these luxuries has peculiarly marked this hallowed spot as the PARADISE OF PATRIOTS. The Moon is divided, like the earth, into four quarters, of which the first, corresponding to our Europe, is called Chesheria, the second Parmesania, the third Stiltonia, and the fourth Toastedicasa. So much for the geography and natural history of the country ; and now for the manners and history of its inhabitants. No sooner does a new inhabitant arrive from the earth than he fixes upon some convenient spot for his future residence. As soon as he has come to a determination, he prepares to eat himself a way to a comfortable habitation. If he be wise enough to fix his future abode by the side of a river, that the porter may assist his digestion, this is speedily accomplished, and by the end of five or six days he may easily prepare for himself a cave sufficiently spacious and capable of further enlargement. My own habitation (said the colonel) is more than half a mile in length. Thus, provided with all that can administer comfort, and conduce to pleasure ; in the undisturbed enjoyment of bread, and cheese, and beer, and tape, do these victims of earthly tyranny, viz. all beheaded for treason, or hung for sedition, *rest from their labours* : and were it not for one condition attached to this state of felicity, their happiness would be complete. But (exclaimed the head,

tears of sorrow bedewed its cadaverous cheeks) *but* we are condemned to retain in this place the marks of our earthly punishment, and to carry about with us the precise form in which we were buried. With my head separated from my shoulders, what possibility is there that my life should beserene—even the kiss of love (for we have more than one French—— among us,) produces only a local sensation—not to mention the danger of the body and the head losing one another, or the inconvenience of carrying the latter.

At one thing (said the head) I cannot help expressing my rapture. All those who in their earthly abode have deserved the title of the *Progeny of Corruption*, are condemned to do penance seven months in the year under the form of maggots; at the expiration of which time, if they escape being eaten, they are admitted to all the privileges of the patriots. Now, one or two of the poor fellows who were executed along with me seemed to expect that this punishment would bring among us a multitude of the Pittites: but, God be praised, I find that we are not in danger of any such company! On the contrary, about seven out of eight, who form the maggoty part of our globe are our oldest and most intimate friends!

Such, gentle reader! (reduced to plain prose for the sake of compression) is the substance of the colonel's relation.

Book the eighth.—The head proceeds to enquire into the cause of his friend's suspension. Sir Francis informs him that it is owing to the principle of attraction that he is thus awkwardly detained. Principle of attraction! exclaims the head, *principle* indeed!—It is the peculiar privilege of a patriot to be unrestrained by *principle* of any

kind. So saying he fluttered with such violence against the front window of the chariot, that the whole machine was thrown into a state of "simultaneous vibration," and the trunk just arriving at this moment to wait upon the head, applied itself with so much force to that part of the hind wheel within his reach, that the horses suddenly found themselves at liberty to set off at full gallop to the conclusion of their journey. We shall not relate all the ceremonies with which the inhabitants of the Moon greeted the arrival of our hero, nor describe with minuteness the modes of incantation by which Sir Francis was instructed in the fate of those *dear brethren* whom he had left behind on the earth. Suffice it to say, that having witnessed in prospective the suspension of Cobbett, Finnerty, and Hague, and the various other *mischances* that awaited their fellow labourers in the work-shop of reform, and finding that return was impossible, owing to the death of his horses, who did not find the pastures of the Moon exactly to their taste: he at length conceived the sublime idea (worthy the genius and the feelings of a patriot) of relieving his earthly friends from the approaching vengeance of magisterial tyranny, by the destruction of the metropolis of England.

The remaining three books are occupied with debates on the best means of accomplishing this object, and with the details of its final execution. After much argument and uproar, it is at length determined to leave its accomplishment to natural causes: as the Moon revolves about the earth, the iron bridge must necessarily move along with it; and Sir Francis discovers by celestial observations, (for he had long been intimate with Ursa Major and Scorpio) that, on the 22d of November, 1810, according to the terrestrial mode of reckoning, the

bridge will be immediately over the meridian of London, and that about seven in the evening of that day it will embrace the whole tract from Wimbleson to the Foreland in one dreadful circumbendibus. If the reader will deign to take a peep at the *castor* of his music stool, he will form a more perfect idea of the catastrophe than any we are able to communicate without the assistance of engravings. The lamentations of the inhabitants of the earth, a beautiful description of the falling in of St. James's Palace, and the destruction of all the other monuments and habitations of tyranny, priestcraft, and corruption, conclude the *poem*. We had intended to present our readers with several beautiful and original extracts, but the length of the preceding epitome compels us to defer them till another opportunity. In the mean time we request them to compare the probability, consistency, and novelty of the argument of the *Luniad* with that of several modern contemporary productions.

LETTER FROM MR. JOHN KETCH.

MR. SAT.

I beyn't agoing to find fort wi you becorse you ave always menshun'd me with more respect then you ave Cobbett, Jail Jones, Finnerty, and such like jail birds, but I wishes to set you rite and do mysel justis.—You ave *misnomurd* me as the lawyers sais, neame is Thomas Tollis not *Torris*, as you ave printed it—I be getting stout agen, and so hope Cobbett, who is a shabby fellow, will be dishapointed this bout, howsever I hope to get *thirteen pence halfpenny* out o' him soon, and so no more from

Yours, in the ranks of deth,

Newgate, September 23d.

THOMAS TOLLIS.

We are happy to find that Mr. TOLLIS is by no means infuriated by our unintentional mistake, which proceeded, as Dr. Johnson says, from "sheer ignorance." We of course concluded that our correspondent from *the condemned hole* had spelt his name correctly.---The prospect of Mr. Tollis's health being speedily re-established must be most cheering to the poor *convicts*, who were so terribly alarmed lest he should be succeeded by the *oppressor of Botley*.

THE EXAMINER EXAMINED.

MR. SATIRIST,

I dare say you may have heard of a Sunday paper called the "Examiner," a thing which *some folks* fondly imagined would be able to procure the reversion of all *Mister COBBETT's* customers, in case that *gentleman* could have neutralized the verdict of a British jury, by the annihilation of his weekly political effusions.

Well, Sir! When the editor of a paper *presumes* to call it the "*Examiner*," we naturally presume that it will *examine* both sides of the question; but we do not expect that it will *take both sides*, as this very sapient production has done with respect to *Mister COBBETT*—a measure for which we can easily indeed account—but "when rogues fall out"—you know the rest—*Verbum SAT!* Mum!—But at present Mr. Satirist, I wish to call your attention to a most extraordinary article on Emperor Nap's new restrictions on the press, exhibited on Sunday the 9th of this current month.

This *precious* article is written in imitation of the quaint

sneering style of Voltaire, a style which becomes the sapient editor, as much as wooden shoes would a figurante, or as the light and airy gambols of the *Angiolini*, would become 'a Jerusalem poney.' The logic of this effusion is, however, the most remarkable part of it, as the editor, like his great prototype in the "*State Prison*" of Newgate, happens, whilst caricaturing others, to sketch himself in his political magic-lantern---" The freedom of the press: it is the air we breathe: without it we die:--such is the standing toast of our *constitutional* men; and the *ministerialists* confess it to be true, though they do not toast it."---Now, Sir, as you may observe, all that is very fine---the ministerialists certainly do not toast it---and I presume because they conceive it as unnecessary to toast the liberty of the press, as to toast the "punishment of its licentiousness," for this very simple reason, that they happened to be in the enjoyment of them both at this present moment. But, Sir, let us examine the very next sentence which Mr. Examiner writes, after this grand puff about *toasting*.—"Now here is a man, who after *talking* and doing so much from a *professed love of freedom*, and after having an opportunity of making so glorious a conclusion in its favour, has helped to banish the very name of liberty from France." So then, Mr. Examiner has at last found out that a man may *talk* about liberty, aye, and *write* about it also, I suppose, without being a sincere friend to it! Why, Sir, if he had only asked poor *Burgess* a few questions about his friend *Cobbett*, he might have been as wise some months ago; however this sucking politician is not yet, I see, *too old* to learn, though had he examined *himself*, before he presumed to examine others, he might, perhaps, have found out that there are few things more ridiculous than for a man, or I should rather say, for a boy without

political experience, to arrogate to himself the power of deciding on subjects, of which it is morally impossible that he can be a competent judge.

Your's,

SCRUTATOR.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

ANOTHER EVIDENCE OF GRACE.

IN our last Number we recorded several instances of grace displayed within the last few weeks by the dear people. We now beg leave to extract from Bell's Weekly Messenger of last Sunday (Sept. 23, 1810.) two advertisements, which may serve further to make known the ways of these chosen vessels of the Lord.

Long Lane, Sept. 11, 1810.

"I, Ann Robertson, do certify, that on account of the REV. ROBERT NIVEN SOLEMNLY PROMISING ME MARRIAGE, AND TO SUPPORT HIS CHARACTER, I did say things of Mrs. Moody that is very injurious to her character, and untrue, which I am very sorry for, and do hereby ask her pardon for the same.

"ANN ROBERTSON.

"Witness, *Mary Lydia Leeland.*"

"Whereas various scandalous and wicked reports have been circulated against the character of Mrs. Moody, by different evil and designing persons, THROUGH MY MISCONDUCT; for which I am sincerely sorry.

"I do hereby solemnly and publicly declare, that ALL

SUCH REPORTS are in every respect FALSE, AND WITHOUT ANY FOUNDATION WHATEVER.

“ ROBERT NIVEN,

“ Minister of the Borough Chapel.

Witnesses, *Anthony Pollen.*

Wm. Anderson, at 300, Borough.

London, Sept. 21. 1810.”

The passages distinguished by large letters, are distinguished in the same way in the advertisements. Here we find the *Reverend minister*, as he is styled, of one of the principal methodist chapels, confessedly engaged in low intrigues with his female votaries, and promising one sweet sister marriage to defame another. Is it necessary for us to comment on such conduct, or could the powers of ridicule render it more disgusting and infamous? Out of their own mouths have they declared their infamy, and by their own deeds alone we wish the family of saints to be known. The veil of hypocrisy will soon be withdrawn, and the loathsome nakedness of their vices will be seen by the public eye with abhorrence and disgust.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

On Cobbett's Prophecies of Famine.

COBBETT with rage thy pulse beats high,
Wild rolls the ball of either eye,

'Tis plain what makes thee *drop-sick* :

The harvest proves thy prophecies
Of *cropless* fields, malicious lies,

And thou, base wretch, art *crop-sick* !

EPIGRAM II.

The Jugglers.

Sir Francis calls Cobbett—" a LUMINOUS writer,"
 And loads him with Jacobin praise ;
 Whilst Cobbett says *Frank* is a glorious inditer :
 To set half the world—in a BLAZE!

EPIGRAM III.

To win the love of Johnny Bull,
 The " Patriots " take two chances,
 Sir Francis praises Cobbett's skull,
 And Cobbett praises Francis ;
 But John is such a THOUGHTFUL elf,
 His faith so slow and loath,
 That taking *timely care* of self,
 He wisely scorns them BOTH!

EPIGRAM IV.

*Coffee-House Conversation : on reading of the Illness of a
 ci-devant Reverend Gentleman at Wimbledon.*

'Tis said, that fearing married strife,
 The Devil lives forlorn——
 Nay, faith! he must have got a wife,
 He soon will have a HORN!

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

 FIAT JUSTITIA !

The Edinburgh Review, August, 1810.

THE present age is the age of literary eccentricity; the success of every production is almost directly proportionate to the singularity of its language and opinions; a writer who attempts to attract applause, or to secure the circulation of his works by an adherence to the ancient laws of composition is almost sure of disappointment; while any publication, however mean its character, or detestable its principles, is almost certain of success if it be sufficiently distinguished by novelty of paradox. That the sale of the *Edinburgh Review* is entirely owing to this feature of its character, or that it does not deserve attention for merits of a very different nature from those which recommend it to the favor of nine-tenths of its subscribers, we shall not so far disguise our real sentiments as to dispute; but that it originally owed much of its celebrity to its peculiarity of diction and of sentiment, and that it is still recommended to the notice of a great number of readers by the intrepidity with which it is accustomed to attack inconvenient truths, and the firmness with which it has supported useful falsehoods, we are not aware that its most strenuous advocates, or even its regular contributors will be unwilling to admit. On the subject of education, their willingness to overturn every established prejudice, has been particularly observable, and if their

essays on this subject have not been more successful than Cobbett's dissertation on the learned languages, their failure cannot be ascribed to the want of zeal or perseverance. It unfortunately happens that when these gentlemen do not fatigue the industry of their readers, they are seldom able to mislead their understandings: an edition of Strabo may be successfully misrepresented, because there are few who have the learning to detect their errors, or the industry to trace their mis-statements; but on questions of which the facts are evident to vulgar observation, and of which the merits are easily understood, their opinions have little weight, because the fallaciousness of their reasoning, and the grossness of their wilful or involuntary mistakes, are easily detected.

The narrowness of those limits to which we are confined by the nature and size of our publication, have hitherto prevented us from entering into a detailed exposition of those false or futile criticisms which we have been so often condemned to peruse; and we have only selected the present number as an object of momentary notice because it is the vehicle of some observations that do not demand a very extended answer, and to which the objections are so obvious that we shall not be under the necessity of resuming the discussion. In attacking the reviewer of "*Remarks on the System of Education in public Schools,*" we are not influenced by any feelings of sympathy towards the unfortunate object of his criticism: we verily believe that the book is worse than an impartial reader would suspect from the manner in which it is described, and while we offer the following casual observations in support of his general reasoning, we are reluctantly obliged to confess that he is a very stupid and illiterate pretender to knowledge and common sense.

The reviewer seems, through the whole course of his reasoning, to take it for granted that if he can prove the arguments of his opponents to be wrong, his own opinions must be right, he does not appear to have the least conception that a good cause may be supported by very miserable defenders; and that there is always to be found a multitude of supererogatory declaimers, who, not content with ascribing to any particular system of education those real excellencies in which its superiority consists, are willing to admire it as combining all the requisites of practical and theoretical perfection. When the reviewer asserts that "most eminent men in every art and science have not been educated in public schools," though we dispute the fact, we are not disposed to consider it as of any consequence in the determination of the general question. We agree with the critic in his assertion, that "the best school is that which is best accommodated to the greatest variety of characters, and which embraces the greatest number of cases. It cannot be the main object of education to render the splendid more splendid, and to lavish care upon those who would almost thrive without any care at all." But when he proceeds to assert that though "a public school does this effectually, it commonly leaves the idle almost as idle, and the dull almost as dull as it found them;" we scarcely know whether to ascribe such an argument to incidental mistake, or wilful misapprehension. To correct the dulness of a stupid boy is, we believe, a task that no public or private teacher has ever flattered himself with the hopes of accomplishing; and if the reviewer intends, by a quibble on the word idle, to insinuate that a lazy boy is dismissed from a place of public education as ignorant as he entered it, we can only appeal to the personal observation of every man who has vi-

sited Oxford and Cambridge, or associated with a dozen individuals of liberal education, for a refutation of this extraordinary assertion. Had the reviewer possessed even a tolerable acquaintance with the subject he professes to discuss, he would have known that the chief advantage of the system pursued at our public schools is its union of those two objects that are here represented as incompatible with each other.—It is peculiar to the discipline of such seminaries as Eton, St. Paul's, and Westminster, that while the intelligent and industrious are afforded every possible assistance, even the stupid must imbibe the largest portion of learning of which their faculties are susceptible, and the indolent be roused to a more active exertion of their powers than they will probably display at any future period of their lives. It may be true that at a private seminary the great body of the pupils will be harrassed or terrified into more studious application than is usual at a public one; but it is not less true, that at the latter, one third part of the application produces the same proficiency. In an academy devoted to a limited number of pupils, as the respective studies of every individual boy are determined by the caprice of parents, or the prospect of their future destination, there is wanting that *esprit de corps*, that habit of referring every thing that occurs to their observation to one immediate pursuit, that of classical learning. At a private school, the three or four senior boys will, if their studies be similar, feel some degree of useful emulation during the hours of application; but as soon as the hour of play arrives, their Virgils and their Ciceros are forgotten, and the boy who is learning accompts, contends in a game at trap-ball with the boy who is entering his Cor-

But at a public school there is but one object of *derius*.

emulation, and but one mode of rising to distinction. A dulbert who lingers for any considerable time at the portal of classical learning, can have no community of feeling, no participation of idea with scholars of his own age. To gain something in the general scramble for knowledge, is necessary for the purpose of self-defence. Supposing that through indolence or stupidity, his exercises are corrected by his playmates, they are probably exercises that in a private school would never have been imposed upon him; and which, if ever they had been performed at such a school with elegance and precision, would have rather indicated the prematurity of individual acquisition than the general proficiency of the pupils as a body. That the general proficiency, therefore, of those who are educated at our public schools, in all the branches of classical acquirement, is far more extensive than that which is usually displayed by the pupils who have received the rudiments of a knowledge at a private seminary, is a fact we think that cannot be disputed; and this superiority is in some measure owing to that peculiarity of discipline which the Edinburgh reviewers have reprehended with such indiscriminating severity. It is the subjection of the lower boys to the greater that forms the most powerful *stimulus* to studious application. It is only in his class, and at his book, that a boy of the lower form enjoys any freedom from the tyranny of his school-fellows, During the hours of attendance he is at least secure from the insolence of the upper forms, and by application may gain the only triumph his situation permits him to enjoy, that of scholastic superiority; while a change of his place in the class emancipates him from many of the badges of his slavery.

The most important peculiarity (says the reviewer) in the constitution of a public school is its numbers, which are so great that a close inspection of the master into the studies and conduct of each individual is quite impossible. Now we shall not stop to enquire whether this defect is inherent to public schools, though we believe that the statutes tolerate as many ushers as may be necessary to the due economy of the school ; nor shall we enquire how far the present number of teachers is adapted to all the purposes of discipline or tuition, because we are convinced that there is one advantage attached to public places of instruction, which would more than counterbalance the existence of all those inconveniences adduced by the reviewer : and *this is, that the masters of such institutions are always worthy of their situations*: that, previous to their election, their moral and literary character, as well as their personal habits must have undergone the most rigid and impartial scrutiny. In a private seminary there is no advantage commensurate to this, of which the greatness cannot be estimated but by those who have had many opportunities of observing the general character of school-masters, or the mode of negociation by which the future hope of a respectable family is usually committed to the guardianship of an advertising tutor. Whoever has had the misfortune to visit more than one of the select academies for a limited number of young gentlemen, must feel a confident assurance that a public school, if it be not better, cannot be worse ; and that the casual glance of a virtuous and venerable character at the negligence or immorality of any boy, however mischievous or insensible, is more likely to excite him to diligence, and restrain him from vice, than the harshness of a tyrannical coxcomb, the starched pomposity of a pedant, or the brutality of a licentious buffoon.

If there be less boldness of iniquity at a private school, there is more secret transgression. At Eton the master is condemned to witness such vices as deserve correction, but he has the satisfaction of knowing the extent of whatever wickedness prevails; but at Islington all is distrust and meanness on one side and hypocrisy on the other. In great schools there is a sense of honor, and a feeling of generosity; but in private seminaries there are the favourites of the master and the mistress: spies who are subservient to the usher; some who pay for admission to the parlour, and some whose family connections render any act of magisterial severity imprudent. A common school-master must in some measure comply with the caprices of those on whose personal favor or influence he is dependent. There is among the boys no common spirit of self-defence, no community of interests, and very little sympathy of feeling. If an act of wickedness is to be committed it is always conducted with an art, and defended or denied with a shuffling cowardice, that in a public school would be rewarded by a good thumping from the rest of his class.

But the great disadvantage of "a school of twenty or thirty pupils" is the obvious preclusion of individual energy. In a small community of this kind every thing is referred to the authority of the master. If two boys happen to dispute, the weaker, or the most timid, complains to his teacher: a habit of cowardly complaint is insensibly acquired, and all appeal to individual prowess, to any kind of contest that has a tendency to invigorate the bodily powers, or cherish the expansion of any generous feeling, is utterly forbidden. But in a public school every boy is aware that he has no protection but in the resources of his own mind, and the powers of his

body—he acquires by degrees a habit of self-confidence, and a feeling of personal independence, which in the future intercourse of life may not be found less useful than his scholastic acquisitions, and which in a country where so much depends on individual merit and exertion, and so little on the pleasure of the government, is at once the security of the humble, and the resource of the ambitious. “A society of twenty or thirty boys under the guidance of a learned man” might be very well adapted to the preparation of a Chinese mandarin; but if all our statesmen and our patriots were to be selected from the pupils of such seminaries, we should not long retain the character of Englishmen.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti. HOR.

Who that had witnessed the Jacobin howling and revolutionary processions of the last dramatic campaign, would have believed that any theatric proprietors, or theatric monarch would have risked the repetition of such scenes, on an ensuing season? Yet such things have been seen, verifying, we fear, the old adage, “*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*”.—But indeed the manager had *already* lost himself, when he acknowledged a *self-constituted committee* as the representatives of the metropolis, giving those pledges of ratification to the Crown

and Anchor-reformers, which for so many nights he had refused *to the public*, in the only place where he, as manager, had any legitimate claim on him to consider them as such. *Inside a Theatre*, the public are *absolute*; their power emanates from themselves, is confirmed by custom, and is even sanctioned by the royal patent: for that patent is given for public accommodation, not for private profit, and though it secures to individuals a monopoly, yet becomes a dead letter the moment that the monopolists fail in their duty to that public. *Outside of the Theatre*, however, that public, except through the medium of the press, are nothing; at least, it never can be supposed that a Burdettite committee, even with a *spirited* chairman at their head, are their legitimate representatives. Had Mr. Kemble acceded to the wishes of the public, *expressed in the proper place*, he might have avoided the offence given to the friends of order, by his bowing to this democratic junta; nay even that might have been forgotten, had he not, after the public had ratified the bargain, actually applied to this *soi-disant* committee for leave to depart from his agreement, and to break it in that specific point in which the public were most decidedly against him; for that the real public disapproved of the manager's measures, there can be no doubt, although the most respectable part avoided identifying themselves with those nightly processional gangs, whose object was, not the *reform of a theatre*, but the organization of a system of riotous confederation, and the excitement of the idle and dissolute to acts of revolutionary rapine. To suppose that the permission of the committee would justify this breach of contract, was as futile as the idea that an audience taken by surprize with the manager's *astonishing* offers, should be considered as expressing the sense of the me-

tropolis ; it is evident, however, that the managers themselves did not expect that this would be sufficient, although they ventured to try the experiment ; else in their boasted improvements and vaunted expences they would never have taken the covering off the seats in the pit, to prevent the *Contractors* from *kicking up a dust* ! To detail the various proceedings on the first opening of Covent Garden, is far beyond our plan ; it seemed, indeed, as if all the conjurors and wild *beastesses* of Bartholomew Fair had been let loose *before* the curtain, for there were no conjurors *behind* it : in short, every noise which the kingdom could produce, with the exception of *Sally* and the *Sampford Ghost*, seemed pressed into the service. To criticise the actors, during such a scene of tumult, would be as futile as the manager's attempts to quiet the audience, until he had given up the point of contest ; order, however, has been restored ; but as, even since that, we have been treated with the *Exile* and *Mother Goose*, we must confess that we have had little reason to rejoice in the return of silence, from any pleasure which the stage has afforded us. Since the public however are determined not to perform the part of the *goose* with the *golden eggs*, perhaps the manager expects to collect a few from this goose of his own rearing. Nor is it impossible that his expectations will be fulfilled, since Covent Garden now enjoys a *double* monopoly from the destruction of the other theatre. It is to be hoped, however, that a *third* legitimate winter theatre will soon afford to the public those benefits which must always result from competition.

As for *poor old Drury*, we see little hopes of that *phœnix* rising from its ashes ; although, like the dog in the manger, its proprietors have exerted all their influence against an additional establishment. We are told

indeed, that Mr. Sheridan has had an interview with a great personage on the subject of his patent--that Mr. Sheridan as a privy counsellor, has a right at any time to demand an audience *on the affairs of the nation*, we will not deny; but that his right honourable office can entitle him to act the part of a counsellor in his own concerns, seems rather an infringement on those principles which the whigs were so anxious to establish last session, when another privy counsellor found it necessary to justify himself from the repeated aspersions thrown upon his character. It appears, however, after all, that some folks, though not admitted to their *doctor's degree*, are perfectly qualified as *masters of arts*! We cannot help thinking, indeed, that Mr. Sheridan ought to have been satisfied with the act of parliament, into which that famous clause has found its way, authorizing him to have as many private boxes as he may find convenient: a thing as ridiculous as if Mr. Arnold was to get an act of parliament authorizing him to perform as many of his pieces *as he may find convenient*! This, indeed, he seems determined to do without the sanction of an act, as we found to our sorrow during the last season. That season of operatic manufacture is over, but we have been *gratified* with the manager's *expose*, a kind of *last speech*, in which the *getter up of operas*, like the imperial *getter up of tragedies*, claims the meed of public confidence and gratitude for benefits never conferred, and plumes himself upon the success of his managerial *opera-tions*. Mr. Raymond, in this leave-taking scene, boasted of about two and twenty new *things* which had come out in the course of the season, *more or less*: of these, the greatest part were of the manager's family; and the last had a name something like "Plots!!! or the North Tower!"

To detail all that was " sung and said " upon this occasion is totally unnecessary ; Mr. Downton was the most prominent character, a kind of soft-hearted irascible baron, constantly upon the look-out for *plots*, a search in which he was joined by the audience, but in which *both* seemed unsuccessful. The winter company have as usual commenced their campaign at the LYCEUM ; they intend as usual to *revive* some of our *old plays* ; we wish sincerely that they could also *revive* some of the *old authors* !

As the summer season is so near its close, it may be expected that we should notice the summer theatres : but there are some things which will not bear criticism.

Mr. Elliston at the Surry Theatre—*ci-devant* Circus, has indeed *burllettized* some of our popular pieces, and with such *universal* applause, that we have almost been tempted to think that he had turned the *horses* out of the *area*, in hopes of filling it with animals of another description ! What may we not expect next ? Elliston mummifying at a summer theatre !!! Who knows but that in a few seasons, the boards of St. Bartholomew may be considered as a pretty retreat for tip-top actors !!!

Walter Scott too and his Lady of the Lake have found their way to this theatre of shreds and patches——

" — Imperial Cæsar turned to clay,
" May stop a bung," &c. &c. &c.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites!—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?—POPE.

1. Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylvanian Tale; and other Poems: by Thomas Campbell, Author of the Pleasures of Hope.

§.*“ We are decidedly of opinion that the present work does *little credit* to the author of the Pleasures of Hope. We are among the admirers of Mr. Campbell's former work, and we were astonished and sorry to see him *sink* so much *below himself* in his present one.”—Universal Magazine.

“ After the favourable specimen of Mr. Campbell's genius, exhibited in his Pleasures of Hope, public curiosity was, naturally enough, raised very high by the promise of another work from the same pen. For our part, we confess we were *disappointed*, though our expectations were by no means carried to an *extreme*.”—Antijacobin Review.

“ The brilliant and early promise of poetical talent which we joyfully hailed in Mr. Campbell's first performance,” &c. “ all combined to inspire a sanguine confidence that this much-protracted poem would rival the best productions of our most distinguished classics. At length the volume was ushered into the world; and the general expectations, thus highly wrought

* This mark § serves to distinguish the different classes of criticisms, according to their particular subjects.

and eagerly excited, has been quenched in the universal feeling of *total disappointment*."—Monthly Review.

"The Pleasures of Hope, which were we believe written when the author was at the early age of sixteen, exhibited a promise of future excellence which has unfortunately never been realized, but which his recent performance is calculated *most grievously to disappoint*."—Critical Review (Appendix).

"The public 'hope' concerning Mr. Campbell, if we may adopt the expression of Solomon, has been long 'deferred; 'the desire' however is at length 'come,' and will be found '*a tree of life*.'* The execution of this poem ought to *satisfy* every *reasonable hope* that may have been formed of Mr. Campbell's matured talents."—Eclectic Review.

§ "The descriptive stanzas in the beginning, though in some places a little obscure and over-laboured, are to our taste *very soft and beautiful*. [Extract: stanzas 1, 2, 3.]"—Edinburgh Review.

"The business of the poem is introduced by half a dozen stanzas, in the imagery or sentiment of which it must be confessed that there is very little of novelty, and in which the attraction of some pleasing natural pictures is, to us at least, very much diminished by the strained inversions of words and sentences, affected phraseology, and the no unfrequent recurrence of *harsh* and unmusical versification. [Same extract.]"—Critical Review.

"The poem commences in the following manner: [Extract: stanzas 1, 2.]. We shall not be accused as cynical if we pronounce these two stanzas to be little else than a *mass of unintelligible words*."—Universal Magazine.

§. "As Gertrude clasps Albert in agony to her heart,

* This is a very good specimen of the detestable methodistic jargon and cant of the Eclectic Review; which thus cannot examine a very indifferent profane poem, without perverting a passage of Scripture, and making it appear ridiculous by its application.—SATIRIST.

another discharge lays her bleeding by his side. She then takes farewell of her husband, in a *speech more sweetly pathetic than any thing ever written in rhyme*.* We will not separate nor apologize for the length of this *fine* passage ; which alone, we think, might *justify all we have said in praise of the poem*."—Edinburgh Review.

" With respect to Gertrude's dying *speech*, of which the tenderness has by some been *extolled as alone sufficient to establish a reputation for the whole poem*, there seems by no means an *excuse* for indulging in *so free a panegyric*. As to the single merit of tender feeling, this speech is not inferior to either of the passages quoted before ; but it is *totally void of that sweet diction* by which they are distinguished. The inversion and transposition with which the words are arranged, *cruelly cripple the style*, and *perpetually break the reader's emotion*. One may easily peruse the whole speech once or twice, *without discovering that it has any merit at all*. [Extract.] What dying mourner would speak with this worse than Cowleyan *contortion* ? Can any thing be more *stiff and cramp*," &c. [Extract] " In this there is *much to displease*. The next stanza begins with another of those *cramp sentences*," &c. " *Few verses have ever been written less natural or agreeable than the following lines, with which the speech concludes*."—London Review.

§ " The character of *Outalissi*, the Oneyda chief, is most ably drawn. There is a *characteristic originality in every feature of it*."—Antijacobin Review.

" *Outalissi* indeed is portrayed with boldness and great effect ; but the admiration that his portrait deserves must be paid to it for *other merits than characteristic drawing*."—London Review.

* This is a pretty moderate compliment, from Mr. Jeffery to Mr. Campbell. There was one Pope who once had some reputation for writing pathetically in rhyme ; but then,—he was not a *Scotchman*.—SATIRIST.

§. "We can no longer pursue the irksome toil of expatiating on the defects of a *style* which is obviously at once artificial and uncouth, *vulgar* and elaborate."—Monthly Review.

"The *diction* is *elevated* in every part where the poet has not been pinioned by the rhyme, or borne down by the measure."—Eclectic Review.

"The versification is so unceasingly pinched and fettered, that the *diction* of the whole poem assumes a character at once hard and flat."—London Review.

§. "Without any hesitation we may pronounce that this composition is a fabric which none but a *real poet* could have raised."—British Critic.

"We fear that, upon the whole, the poem before us gives too strong evidence of a fatal defect, the *absence* of *poetical* enthusiasm and *inspiration*."—Critical Review.

§. "Perhaps we may be able, in the course of our investigation, to point out reasons which may for a season impede the popularity of a poem containing passages both of *tenderness* and *sublimity* which may *decline* comparison with few in the *English language*."—Quarterly Review.

"This poem is *abundantly fine*. It is so written as to produce the *strongest effects* upon the *feelings* of the reader, and to excite a *just admiration* of the skill and talents of the author. It entitles the author to an *established rank* among the *best* and *most classical writers* of the present day."—British Critic.

"Before proceeding to lay any part of the poem itself before our readers, we should try to give them some idea of that *delightful harmony* of colouring and of *expression* which serves to unite every part of it for the production of one effect; and to make the description, narrative, and reflections, conspire to breathe over the whole a certain air of pure and tender enchantment, which is *not once dispelled*, through the whole length of the poem, by the intrusion of any discordant impression.—It is needless, after these extracts, to enlarge upon the *beauties* of this poem.

They consist chiefly in the *feeling* and *tenderness* of the whole delineation, and the *taste* and *delicacy* with which *all* the subordinate parts are made to contribute to the general effect.—In a new edition, we hope Mr. Campbell will yet be induced to make considerable additions to a work which will *please* those most who are *most* *worthy* to be *pleased*, and *always* seem *most* *beautiful* to those who give it the *greatest* share of their *attention*.—We close this volume, on the whole, with feelings of regret for its shortness, and of *admiration* for the genius of its author.”—Edinburgh Review.

“As to the evanescent coruscations of Mr. Jeffery’s Northern Lights, which have vainly attempted to cast a meridian lustre on the muse of his countryman, and occasional coadjutor, they are better calculated to confound than to guide, to perplex than to elucidate.”—Antijacobin Review.*

* Besides the information that Mr. Campbell is an Edinburgh Reviewer, the above extract will shew that his homely lass Gertrude has fairly kindled a civil war among the Reviews. The Antijacobin, in particular, does not mince the matter; and we confidently expect the thanks of Mr. Jeffery, with Messrs. Brougham, Horner, Burdon, Scott, and the rest of his Honourable and dis-honourable fellow-labourers, for here continuing the foregoing quotation to the end of the paragraph; in order to afford a fresh example how the most pure and unoffending characters may themselves be made the objects of wanton, and unprovoked abuse. The vile Antijacobin proceeds in its attack on the virtuous and blameless critics of the Edinburgh Review, in the following terms: “The four pages of metaphysical jargon which precede the fulsome panegyrics on the maid of Wyoming, set sense and grammar equally at defiance; and supply an apt specimen of those new critical lucubrations which the beardless sages of Edinburgh have had the assurance to introduce as a fit substitute for criticism. These gentlemen however are the most clumsy panegyrists who ever browsed a thistle on the Parnassian mount; and when they lay aside the *axioms* of their master, they seem to lose all the little vigour and understanding which they possess. Satire, deep-tinged with calumny, is their delight; praise, however honest and deserved, their aversion: hence their skill in the one, and their awkwardness in the other. Had their productions been limited to the northern side of the Tweed, we should have less reason to impeach their

"Gertrude of Wyoming has been forced into some kind of reputation by a party important alike from their literary talents and their social influence. How far the cause may have been promoted by the insidious desire of shifting Mr. Campbell's fame from the immoveable basis of his former work to the frail foundation of this ordinary poem, reviewers have no commission to enquire.—Let us now proceed to the more agreeable contemplation of the beauties that Gertrude contains. They are not numerous, and it will take no very great space to insert them all."—London Review.

"—We feel ourselves bound to speak plainly of the preponderating faults, as well as of the small, the doubtful, and the chequered merits, of the work before us."—Monthly Review.

"The beauties are thinly scattered, and, even where most prominent, are fatally obscured by blemishes and inconsistencies."—"Though Gertrude of Wyoming is a very short poem, of only ninety stanzas, and has been carefully revised and re-revised during several years, it yet contains numerous passages which are either insipid, languid, intricate, or obscure. Mr. Campbell's poem possesses a few, though but a few, beauties, but these are greatly outnumbered by its deformities."—Critical Review, and Appendix.

"—Such is the absurd obscurity of Mr. Campbell's poetry, and such is his vitiated taste. We will observe here once for all, that we never have, and we hope we never shall again, read a poem which so completely defied all power of understanding: sometimes we guessed a meaning, and sometimes we tortured one out; the words indeed were English, but their combination was of no language. It is the first time our modesty; but when they wander into our southern hemisphere without submitting to the previous trouble of learning our language, they must excuse us if we send them back from Longinus to Loxth: let them learn to write, before they attempt to criticise."

ther-tongue ever cost us so much trouble since we began our *horn-book*."—Universal Magazine.

§. "We wish any praises or exhortations of ours had the power to give Mr. Campbell confidence in his own great talents."—Edinburgh Review.

"If Mr. Campbell could be unfortunately persuaded by the co-operation of flattery and self-love, that this poem is one of which he might be proud, all chance of his future excellence would from that moment vanish 'into air, into thin air.'"—Monthly Review.

§. "Some of Mr. Campbell's lyric effusions are here reprinted, and the ode on the *Battle of Hohenlinden* maintains a noble pre-eminence among them."—British Critic.

"Of the smaller poems, *Lochiel's Warning* is far the best."—Monthly Mirror.

"The *Battle of Hohenlinden* is indisputably the best of the miscellaneous pieces."—Universal Magazine.

§. "There are some smaller pieces in the volume, of considerable merit, if we except the *Mariners of England*, and the *Battle of the Baltic*; both of which are written with an affectation of singularity, which must always displease a mind that can duly relish the chaster effusions of the muse."—Universal Magazine.

"Two beautiful war-odes entitled the *Mariners of England*, and the *Battle of the Baltic*, afford pleasing instances," &c.—Quarterly Review.

"The song to the *Mariners of England* is a splendid instance of the most magnificent diction adapted to a familiar and even trivial metre. The *Battle of the Baltic* has great force and grandeur, both of conception and expression."—Edinburgh Review.

"The song called the *Battle of the Baltic* has striking beauties. The *Mariners of England* is one continued blaze of excellence."—London Review.*

* In addition to the varied and harmonious beauties so copiously manifest

2. Remarks on the two last Petitions of the Lord's Prayer, by Granville Sharp.

"To maintain the genuine meaning of the words, is the object of Mr. Sharp in this tract ; wherein, after giving his own brief but *very cogent arguments*," &c.—British Critic.

"Mr. Granville Sharp has considered the subject of the Greek article, in some remarks on the two last petitions in the Lord's prayer : these are more *fanciful* than solid."—Annual Review (Introduction).

3. The Muscular Motions of the Human Body ; by John Barclay, M. D.

"In taking leave of this work, we have no hesitation in de-
throughout the whole of the foregoing quotations, there are also, in the au-
thorities from which these are extracted, a few of a miscellaneous nature which
are worth displaying. Thus, with admirable moderation and agreement, the
Monthly Mirror declares, "we shall stop [meaning that it will *not* stop] to
point out a few *spots* amidst so much *brightness*;" the methodists' review (the
Eclectic) informs us that "Mr. Campbell's faults, like *the sun's spots*, are seen
by his own *light*;" and the London Review pronounces, concluding with
a very pathetic note of admiration, that "the criticism which dispraises Mr.
Campbell should soar on *eagle-pinions*, and gaze with *eagle-eyes*; for it rises
towards *the sun*, and looks upon his *spots*!" The British Critic seems to think
it has worked wonders by its article on Mr. Campbell's former poem : for it
observes with much complacency, "when we praised Mr. Campbell before,
we concluded with an earnest *exhortation* to him, &c. ; we have particular
pleasure in referring to this *exhortation*, because we have reason to believe
that it was received with *attention*:"—and again, "but it would be very ungra-
cious in us, strongly to reprove a fault which seems to have been in part
induced by our advice." The Eclectic Review gives us a comfortable caution
that Mr. Campbell's poem "must be read again and again, with passion and
enthusiasm, with *temperance* and *candour*, and, if possible, even with *indiffer-
ence*, in every mood, and under every change of feeling of which the heart is sus-
ceptible, before its worth can be fully ascertained and fairly appreciated;"
while the London Review coldly remarks, that "some have said that Ger-
trude does display beauties enow to induce a *second perusal*, if the reader have
but sufficient sensibility to enjoy pathetic charms, and sufficient *patience* to
search for merits that are not self-evident."

claring that it is a *valuable addition* to physiological science."
—British Critic.

"We have felt concerned to be under the necessity of giving an *unfavourable* opinion of the works of a man whose talents we respect."—Monthly Review.

4. Observations on Seduction; extracted, &c. by Mary Smith: to which is added a Poem by Mr. Pratt on the same Subject.

"—Mr. Pratt's poem is far from being a recommendation to the pamphlet."—Eclectic Review.

"—Mr. Pratt's poem has in it *many fine lines*, and several striking passages. It may doubtless very strongly promote the same good purposes of warning and advice."—British Critic.

5. An Essay on the Earlier Part of the Life of Swift; by the Reverend John Barrett, D. D.

"The present tract of Dr. Barrett presents some facts which the admirers of Swift will deem *highly acceptable*."—Quarterly Review.

"Mr. Barret has scraped together, with pious scrupulosity, some few particulars relative to the academical life of Swift, which were *hardly worth the labour* of rescuing from oblivion."
—Critical Review (Appendix).

6. The Lash; a Satire, without Notes.

"If there is *not much vigour* in this satire, there is at least good intention."—Universal Magazine.

"This is a *spirited* production, though with several languid and vapid lines. The invective is *strong*."—Critical Review.

"A satire on living characters and present-times may do

very well 'without notes;' but we question whether it can succeed also without novelty, *without rigour*, and without wit."—*Eclectic Review*.

"This writer is a satirist indeed, having *ability* to lay on the 'lash' with *spirit* and *effect*. If thoughts *strongly conceived*, and expressed in *energetic* and flowing verse, could produce shame and reform, this poem would stand a chance of doing more good than a sermon."—*Monthly Review*.

7. The History and Antiquities of Cleveland, in the North Riding of the County of York, by the Reverend John Graves.

"We have perused the present publication with *satisfaction*, and consider it as a *valuable addition* to our national topography. We should *wish* to see the history of other districts of this extensive county illustrated upon the *same* or a *similar plan*."—*British Critic*.

"The district on which Mr. Graves has thought proper to bestow his attention for the purpose of compiling a volume which we are sorry to pronounce *deficient in all points* where, according to our opinion, the mind of the county-historian *should be* principally engaged, comprises," &c. "Upon the whole, this history of Cleveland is one of the *most barren* and *unamusing* compilations which it has ever been our fate to notice under the head of county-history."—*Critical Review*.

8. A Sermon preached at the Parish Churches of Stanwell and Bedfont, February 17th, 1808, by William Awbery Phelps.

"—This doctrine is urged with the *purest spirit* of good will towards man, and with *all the force* and *simplicity* of truth."—*Monthly Mirror*.

"We must confess that we have *not been gratified* either by the *style* or the *matter* of this discourse."—*British Critic*.

9. Practical Observations on the Nature and Cure of Strictures in the Urethra, by William Wadd.

"Mr. W. Wadd has produced a performance equally *CANDID* and *respectable*."—Monthly Magazine (Supplement).

"We doubt not the honesty of the author's motives, but we cannot discover in his pages any pretext for their publication. His arguments are a *mere echo* of those used by his precursors, *without any addition* of novelty or of force; his *statements fail* in particulars; and his deductions, in *CANDOUR*."—London Medical Review.

10. The Ladies' Poetical Petition for a Winter Assembly at Newport in the Isle of Wight.

"This pamphlet purporteth to be sold by the 'different' booksellers in Hampshire. We fear it has had but an 'indifferent' sale: and yet it may be truly called an emphatic production; every other word being printed in italics, and doubtless containing some recondite meaning, as there is *none obvious* to the reader."—Critical Review.

"Few of our rhyme-makers in the great island of Great Britain could have drawn up a more *sprightly* and *humorous* petition in the name of the ladies, than this poet of little Vectis. It was a *happy thought*," &c. "We have been *much amused* by these verses; and we will impart some of the gratification which we have received, by copying a portion of this *well-managed* poetical petition."—Monthly Review.

11. Poems on various Subjects; by Henry Richard Wood, Esq.

"[Extract.] These lines are *pretty*; and perhaps there are *few* among the elegies, sonnets, and other small poems contained in this volume, of which a friend might *not* fairly say *as much*."—British Critic.

"This volume contains 124 duodecimo pages of what the

writer calls *poetry*; but, with due submission, we think this an *egregious misnomer*. The compositions are *trifling*; and we had almost said, *contemptible*."—Beau Monde.

"Mr. Wood's verses are generally *harmonious*, and his sentiments truly *moral* and *benevolent*. His work appears to be the effusions of an *enlightened* and *virtuous* mind. The imitations of the Italian are *not unhappy*."—Antijacobin Review.

"Poems of moderate merit are numerous; but performances of superlative genius, and publications of *extreme imbecility*, are almost equally rare. To one of these scantier classes the work before us belongs; and those who are desirous to know which, but unable to guess, must submit to the *drudgery* of reading it for themselves."—Eclectic Review.

"Mr. Wood's poetry is *harmonious*, and his language is *elegant*. His lines on Fountain's Abbey are *pleasing*; the idea of the Anacreontic at the end of the book is *good*; and the fifth sonnet is *remarkably well conceived and expressed*."—Monthly Review.